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Teaching Sex Education

Student's Bedroom Demonstration

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Midge Gette

Teaching Sex Education

Chapter 1

It was a middle-sized city, thirty miles from the Pacific Ocean. Its nucleus, the inner city, was a gray world shrouded in poverty and smog, surrounded by an outward spiral of suburbs built to flee the rotting core.

A Sunday afternoon, suburban quiet was Interrupted here and there by little league baseball games, by clogged freeway entrances and exits, and a few traffic accidents. Yet, for the most part, there was a sense of spring languidly waking from winter. Couples strolled in parks, children played, husbands watched televised baseball games, and housewives prepared dinners.

In a split-level house on the outer edge of the city, a girl stood at her bedroom window. Her name was Jennifer and she was sixteen years old, a high school junior. Bored with the quiet of the day and restless over her date that evening, she watched two six-year-olds through a lattice of blossoming trees as they tossed a basketball back and forth.

Dressed in a pair of shorts and her brassiere, Jennifer felt confident that the trees blocked her window from outside observation. Not that she really considered it, lost in her thoughts. Her date with Jud that evening overrode all other considerations. Like so many other girls, she had allowed herself to be kissed with great fervor on their first date, and on their second he had been able to manipulate her breasts through her clothing. On their third date his fingers had finally been granted access to the snaps of her bra, and his hands and lips had feasted on her pert breasts. The next time his hands had worked at her loins and buttocks, and her fingers had massaged his hardened prick through his jeans.

Then, on the previous weekend's date, his hands had shifted her loosened clothing and removed her underwear. His hands and mouth had explored her, basking kisses upon her breasts and sliding his fingers into the moist, virginal cusp of her loins. She had taken his swollen prod to slide her fingers up and down Its length, and sucked it into her mouth to kiss and nibble until he began to spasm against her tender grasp, letting his discharge spill onto the floor of his car.

Thus, she had dated Jud for five weeks, falling in love with him' and satisfying herself that she was more to him than an easy lay. He had endured the obstacle course without complaint, convincing her that he was interested in more than the climax.

It was not so much that she was holding her virginity for only one man, or that she considered it a condition to be treasured. As a matter of fact, she had a great desire to divest herself of it, considering her

virginity a rather tiresome hindrance. But she did not wish to wake up to find that she had given it to someone who considered her as only an object in which to relieve himself.

Thus, she considered whether she would "go all the way" this time. She knew that she could continue to afford Jud release, and to enjoy their petting for at least another month without being pressed by him. But she wanted him to ball her, she wanted to feel that hard length of flesh within her. That was why she had arranged their date for Sunday night rather than Saturday, not wanting to have to sit through Sunday morning without being able to see him. Monday they could find someplace to go after school, but Sunday…

She shook her blonde mane of hair, not wanting to get bogged down in thought She turned away from the window and crossed to her dresser. She inspected her reflection in the mirror, noting the gold-flecked brown eyes with their heavy lashes above the swells of high cheekbones, the graceful nose, and the lush lips. She reached behind her and unclasped her bra, letting her upturned breasts free, the pink nipples like little mushroom caps, rising from the milky white as if they were separate, miniature breasts.

Her body had a vibrant fullness that pressed against her lithe young form, giving the impression that warm honey coursed through her veins, throbbing for release. Her belly was a firm contour that held a deep navel, sweeping out to full hips and into lush loins.

She unzipped her shorts and let them drop to the floor, sliding her thumbs into the waistband of her mint-green bikini briefs. She bent, sliding them down and raising one leg to free her foot, and then the other to kick the wisp of nylon away. Early sunbathing had given her body a light golden tan, interrupted by the white of her breasts and by a strip of white that bloomed from the outsides of her copper thatch to slide up toward her belly, leveling off with the juncture of her upper thighs and her torso to encircle her hips, and glide down under the soft cheeks of her backside. It stopped at the middle of her abdomen, a half inch above both the honey plume and the cleft of her derriere, and an inch below the twin dimples at the small of her back.

Her legs were long and firm, a fine down glistening on her thighs. She had great poise, acquired from years of dance classes, and her body promised joy and presented beauty.

Smiling at the mirror image, she enjoyed the view of herself. She knew that there were women more beautiful, both nude and clothed, and so felt little if any egotism. Rather, she viewed herself objectively, as if appreciating the beauty of a serene landscape or of a thoroughbred, happy with the form she inhabited.

Other eyes watched Jennifer, eyes that gave no thought to flower strewn fields against sunsets, or to the rippling sleekness of mares. The

eyes, pressed to a pair of binoculars, licked at the rose buds of her nipples, caressed the flow of her belly, fondled the rounded uplift of her rump, and ravaged the burgundy thicket of her underbelly.

Winslow Bass sat in his darkened bedroom with field glasses resting on a displaced slat of the Venetian blinds that hid him from her sight He watched Jennifer rummage through a drawer and extract two strips of bright orange cloth. He smiled, remembering the bikini well. It set off her darkening tan so nicely, complimenting the honeyed flame of her hair. Her stomach rippled tantalizingly as she bent to pull the bottoms up, her firm breasts cutting demure arches in the air, and then they were encased in the top, two small triangles of cloth held by a thin string around the back, and two more that tied at the nape of her neck. The outer and inner swells showed invitingly, and he could almost see the light tan freckles scattered upon the valley between.

She picked up sunglasses, a squeeze bottle of suntan lotion, a towel, and a portable radio. He followed her to the door of her room, and then swung the powerful lenses to the back of the house. She appeared a moment later, spread out her towel, laid down upon her stomach after applying the lotion, and her flesh glimmered with a sun caressed sheen. She reached back and untied the strings, and the triangles kissed the rose colored towel, and Winslow saw her breasts swell out at the sides. Her flanks danced for a moment as she shifted her legs; and then she was still.

Winslow had first observed Jennifer in her bedroom just before her fifteenth birthday, a few weeks after he and his wife had moved into their house. He had seen the barely perceptible rises of her breasts, the nipples standing out farther than they did, swell and lift till they stood like pear-shaped minarettes. He had watched the long legs take shape, and the boyish flanks and hips bloom into the sauciest fanny he bad ever seen.

Whenever his wife was out for one of her various activities or shopping, he would check Jennifer's windows. Such pleasant viewing as he was being currently afforded was rare, brief glimpses of her in underwear or quickly changing clothes being more common.

His wife was a good woman, attractive and an excellent partner in lovemaking, and he loved her dearly. But there was something about viewing Jennifer that he really enjoyed. If anything, it made him all the more eager to join his wife in bed, so he felt no guilt since no one was any the worse off.

Winslow felt a general irritation toward Mitch and Gloria Dallas, Jennifer's parents. They never seemed to be around the house, never seemed to converse with the girl. He had exchanged greetings with her a few times in front of the houses, and she seemed a bright girl,

endowed with a great amount of innocent charm and a loving nature. He knew that he might be wrong about her relationship with her parents; but he was sure that he was not. Well, let them have their social lives, he thought She was doing all right.

She reached out to change the station on her radio, and his eyes slid along the underneath of her arm and down the sweep into the fullness of her breast, following the arch to its rounded press against the bikini top, noting the indentation below her breast, and down the tautened stretch of her torso with the mellow curvette of her stomach.

It was obvious to him that something was on her mind as she continued to turn the dial back and forth before finally finding something she liked. As the sounds of an electric guitar and organ crashed against one another, she picked up the suntan lotion. He stared with disbelieving elation as she raised up on her elbows to squeeze some of the syrupy liquid into the palm of her hand, her breasts held just above the towel.

He had just seen her naked as the day she was born in her room, but this was different. He grinned, thinking of men at the turn of the century enflamed at the sight of an ankle exposed by a sudden breeze. There was a magical quality about It, a sudden revelation of beauty, the fascination of a magic lantern casting shadows. Lord! but she was beautiful as she massaged her shoulders with the lotion. She bowed her head, her hair a curtain of gold over most of her breasts, making them all the more tantalizing as she looked down at them. She threw her head back, tossing the sunset spray of her hair away, a mischievous grin on her full lips.

She glanced around, seeing no one, and rubbed the lotion onto her breasts. Suddenly, her hand closed and she held the ripe blossom with a slight squeeze. Her eyelids lowered and the pink cushions of her lips parted to frame the pearl white of her teeth within an inviting pursing. Then her hand was away and her forehead was pressed against the rose colored towel, her hair draped around her face in silken waves. Slowly, she laid back down and her face turned to press against her shoulder. Moisture shimmered in her eyes, and her upper teeth indented the fullness of her lower lip.

What was wrong, Winslow wondered. Feeling guilty about squeezing her tit, he guessed. Was she still a virgin, or did she and the boy she dated screw? If they did she wouldn't be acting like this, would she? Of course, he was married and getting it regularly, and yet he was sitting like an adolescent in the dark to watch her. Whatever the cause, he was sure that she was discontented.

It made him feel bad. He wanted to comfort her, to give his ear for her to unburden her thoughts upon. Of course, that wasn't logical, but he still felt that way. Sentimental bastard, he admitted to himself.

Damn her parents, where were they? No, she wouldn't want to talk to them about it even if they were there to talk to. Still, she would not be all alone with her thoughts as she now was.

She refastened her top and sat up, gathering her things together to disappear into the house. Winslow heard the front door open and knew his wife Debra had returned. Well, Jenny, hope you get things straightened out, and I'm sorry I can't be of help, he thought as he put the binoculars away. Teenage girls go through all sorts of trials and tribulations, he assured himself. Just part of growing up.

He went out into the living room to join Debra. She smiled as he embraced her, his tongue teasing her ear while his hands cupped her buttocks to bold their loins together. She laughed and their mouths pressed and joined.

Back in her room, Jennifer sat on her bed, irritated with herself. Feeling yourself up in the backyard, she thought. That's brilliant! Just lucky nobody had been around. Well, that decided it; this would be the night.

Be good, Jud, she hoped. Be as fantastic as I think you're going to be, cause I'm horny as hell.

She laid back on the azure coverlet, her hair a weave of sunlight upon the blue. She reached down and scratched her stomach, finding her fingers trailing up and down the indentation along the center of her stretched stomach. The corner of her mouth furled with anger over her own impatience. It was only a few hours till Jud would arrive, only a few hours to survive.

Would she have to sit through a movie first? She wanted to just drive somewhere, to some isolated place, but did not know if she should tell Jud that. Would he think less of her, or would he respect her for her honesty? No, she would have to wait. And her fingers were playing with the bottom of her bikini top.

She sat up suddenly, tense and breathing deeply, her fingers knotted in the bedding. Why were things so difficult? Why did she have to worry about what people thought, about what gossip her parents might hear? Her parents would be angered at the reflection her behavior cast upon them, not concerned about her happiness.

For a year or so she had felt that she hated her parents, but she no longer cared. It was now more a matter of avoiding conflicts, just tolerating their relationship to wait the two and a half years before she would be eighteen and ready to leave for college. They provided a comfortable home life and there was little strife between them, but her father's business and her mother's social life left her on her own the majority of the time. Well, that was all to the good, she thought, since they did not seem to have much to say to one another, anyway.

She tore the strings of her top free and stood, moving into her

bathroom with a determined stride. She reached into the shower and turned the water up full force, tempering the icy cold blast with a slight amount of hot Water. She bent to slide the bottoms off and stepped in, feeling the needle point prickle of the water slam against her breasts and shoulders. Her breathing eased a bit, and she turned to let it cover her back.

The yearning ache that had swollen her breasts subsided, and the warm vibration within her nether lips eased. She leaned against the cool tiles and slid down to sit under the cool spray, her back to the wall opposite the shower head. She raised her knees, sliding a wet strand of hair from her eyes, and suddenly felt the fall of the water upon the insides of her thighs and the upturned blonde triangle.

She wanted to stand up, or at least to close her legs and turn them away from the drumming caress. But if she did it would stop, and it felt so good, so tender and soothing. She felt her pubic hair washed sleek against the plump hillock It covered, felt rivulets of water ease down the furrow of her passion pit. So tranquil, adrift under the gliding spill, the water beading like pearls upon the graceful arch of breasts, shimmering on the delicate slopes of her belly. And the burning tremor within her loins eased and cooled, to leave her feeling happily spent.

She had no energy to stand; but it did not matter since no one else was In the house. She wondered dreamily what Jud was doing. Was he as anxious as she, or was he just enjoying a typical Sunday afternoon working on his car? What about all their other dates? Had they had the same impassioning effect on him?

She saw his face clearly, his dark blonde hair a little long, his gray eyes bright under dark brown eyebrows, his nose straight, his mouth firm above a dimpled chin. His body had a lean firmness from years of playing tennis, the hair on his chest, legs and forearms a burnished gold against the sun darkened mahogany of his body. Though not overdeveloped, his muscles were well defined, especially his shoulders and chest; his stomach plated.

She wanted him there between her legs, the water streaming down over him. She wanted to glove her hands In soap and work his prick between her hands until it hardened and pressed up free of the white froth. She wanted his tender hands and lips upon and within her, his hard tool steaming the envelope of her virginity free, releasing her. And the pellets of water drove against the softness of her splayed loins.

Three miles from Jennifer Dallas' home, in a similar neighborhood, Jud Troy sat in his room trying to study for a Chemistry examination. Every few minutes his mind drifted from organic structures to the more appealing structure of Jennifer. Finally,

he closed the textbook and tilted his chair onto its back legs, his knees pressed against the desk.

He wished that he was out on the tennis court, a good hard set not allowing for thoughts unconnected with the game. He listened to the rhythm of voices and music from the television set in the living room. His parents and little sister were deeply absorbed in a Bogart film, and he sat alone in his room thinking of Jennifer against the background of Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet's voices.

Would she let him make love to her tonight, or would he have to be satisfied with her relieving manipulations? It was okay, an improvement over their early dates where he had felt he was about to explode, where only masturbation after returning home allowed him any satiation of his need. But he wanted to make love to her.

Could they do it without her getting pregnant, and could she get birth control pills? It was just something parents did not want to think or talk about. As for himself, he wanted neither an abortion nor a forced marriage. He loved Jenny, but he was only seventeen and she sixteen, and he had seen enough bad marriages in the world around him, his parents being rare exceptions. He was not sure if he would be interested in legalized marriage even after high school. His older brother and his woman had been together for two years, and it seemed that their freedom from social and legal obligations, having only their love and friendship to keep them together, made them aware that if they let things slide it would be over and gone.

Did Jennifer know he was a virgin? Did he appear clumsy and unsure? He felt confident and sure with her, felt whole, but he did not know how he appeared in her eyes. Most of his friends had slept with their girlfriends, or what were once known as "bad girls," or with prostitutes.

Jud had progressed this far with two girls before Jennifer, but had never gone beyond heavy petting. Though highly attractive to women, Jud was shy and had not felt deeply enough about either girl to put himself In a position to be rejected. As well, his brother had told him about the furtive tussle of his own first lay, and the embarrassed silence that had followed. Jud wanted something more, and he felt that he could have it with Jennifer.

It was several hours yet before their date, and he had a full erection that was straining against his jeans as if trying to escape. Whacking off would make it easier to keep from climaxing within Jennifer, he rationalized. If the opportunity presented itself.

Nobody would come in without knocking. Shit! he thought, If you're going to do It, do It. He stood and closed the door silently. He looked down to see the long press against his crotch and upper thigh. He unzipped the fly and twisted his prick free, letting it jut out from

the slit of cloth. Just like if were sticking through a cunt, he grinned. Except that it stood in midair instead of in the warm embrace of a woman's loins. Oh, well, maybe tonight, he hoped. Maybe tonight.

He opened his desk drawer and pulled a girlie magazine out from under several notebooks, and moved toward the bathroom. Did everybody need some kind of visual stimulation to masturbate? Maybe It was easier after having slept with a woman, but he felt foolish sitting totally alone having an orgasm. There was something that even a photo of a smiling woman added, a sense of some communication.

As he sat down, he spread the magazine out on the floor, letting his jeans fall around his ankles. He had found a photo of a model who bore a slight resemblance to Jennifer. Standing on a sandy beach, the woman smiled directly out of the picture. As he moved his fist up and down his prod, he wondered why they painted out the crotches of women in most of the magazines. Until he had talked to his brother about the facts of life, finding that he could converse with him easier than he could with his parents, he had wondered if that was the way women really looked. And if so, where one entered other than through the ass.

The model went out of focus as perspiration glistened on his forehead, and the slight sag of her breasts and the ten years that separated her from Jennifer grew indistinct. He worked the flesh up and down the hardened weight, and his eyes closed to the sudden flush of blood that hit his face and rattled his breath. He lifted and let the ejaculation shoot down Into the toilet bowl.

Breathing heavily, he sagged back down, and after a minute or so stood to clean things up. He drifted back into his room, returned the magazine to the drawer, and fell onto his bed. Would Jennifer be insulted if he suggested going straight to the beach instead of seeing a movie first?

Outside, the chirp of the lawn sprinkler joined the hum of the television's voices to lull him into a half sleep.

Debra Bass' hands clutched at Winslow's sides as he swung down into her piston like, his mouth flicking at her hardened, brownish-orange nipples. Her hips thrashed back and forth, throwing the plunging prod across her clit as he drove in and out. Her mouth opened, her lips pulling across her teeth, and she groaned with pleasure. Then her loins began to leap spastically beneath him and he felt himself being pumped. Their bodies arched to one another as they moaned at the searing flash of their joint climax, and they froze for several moments before Winslow lowered down to embrace her. Her lips parted under his and his tongue swam in her mouth. Slowly, they rolled over, still breathing deeply. He smiled over at Debra and pushed himself up onto one elbow.

"Forgot the towel," he mumbled.

She reached out to slide her fingers behind his head and return his face to hers. They kissed again, lovingly probing. She squeezed his shrinking tool, and he stood to get the towel When he returned she was dozing, the sheet furled around one leg.

Drying himself, he looked at the still firm beauty of her, her full breasts barely sagging, her stomach and thighs still tight He slid the towel under her backside, softly cleaning the droplets of sperm from the sheet and her dark brown thicket.

He lit a cigarette and stretched with satisfaction. His eyes fell on the closed blinds, and he wondered how Jennifer was doing. With a backward glance toward Debra, he parted the blades to see Jennifer moving from her bathroom to her bedroom. Dressed in a sable colored terry cloth robe, she toweled her freshly washed hair. Winslow smiled at the gentle expression of childhood upon her face. He had obviously been worried about nothing, he told himself. Kids, they've always got the world In the palm of their hand, with an occasional little problem to get really worked up over.

He turned and looked at Debra, the rich contours of her body tinted sepia in the half light of the room, her hair a swirl of moonlight around her smiling face, gentled in sleep. Well, he didn't have it too bad himself, and got back in bed. Debra curled up along his side, her eyes flickering open for a moment to direct her head to the hollow of his shoulder. Then she was asleep again, and he felt himself drifting off too, content.

Chapter 2

Jud cut the engine of his car and looked up at Jennifer's house, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel. He opened the door finally and moved up the walk to ring the bell. After a minute, the door opened and Gloria, Jennifer's mother, smiled out at him, holding the door wide.

"Good evening, Jud. Won't you come in? she offered, stepping back.

"Evening, Mrs. Dallas," he nodded, moving into the living room.

"Jennifer'll be down in a minute, Jud. Just make yourself comfortable," she said as she closed the door.

She wished she could get her husband Mitch to wear pants like the boys did. Jud was really hung, she noted as he sat down. Too bad boys like that weren't easily available for women with some experience.

"I'll see how she's doing," she said, moving up the stairs, smiling to herself over her line of thought. Just a dirty ol' lady, I guess, she chuckled.

Jud heard her knock at Jennifer's door, the sound of Jen's voice, and the door opening and closing again. Uncomfortable, he picked up a magazine to flip through.

Gloria saw Jennifer zipping up the side of her rawhide skirt as she entered the room. The girl lifted a chartreuse blouse of light jersey, and Gloria noted the full swell against the lace bra cups. She was her mama's daughter all right, and would undoubtedly retain her beauty as well as Gloria had.

"Jud's here, honey."

"I'll be right down," Jennifer said, buttoning the blouse.

"Jenny?"

"Um?" she responded. Receiving no reply she looked up. "What is it, mom?"

"I'm not quite sure how to say this, but… " Gloria faltered.

Jennifer stood waiting, surprised to see her mother at a loss for words.

“I don't want to pry or anything, Jenny, but have you and Jud… you know…?" she questioned, her eyebrows lifted.

Jennifer blushed and turned to rearrange her makeup table.

"I mean, I don't want to see you start acting wild or foolishly, but… I don't want you to get in trouble either," she continued, sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Mother, what are you trying to say?" Jennifer asked, her nervousness provoking an impatient irritation.

"Don't snap at me, Jennifer," Gloria corrected sternly.

"Yes, mother," Jennifer sighed.

"I'm talking about B.C.s, birth control pills. If you want, I'll make an appointment with Dr. Ives for you," she offered rather quickly, wanting to get this over with.

Jennifer sucked her lips in, pressing her teeth down against them, finding it hard to believe that this was happening.

"Yes, mother," she mumbled, her back still turned to hide her embarrassment

"I'm sorry, dear, but I don't like talking to your back, nor can I understand mumbling."

"Yes, I'd like you to make an appointment, mother," she said, turning around with her eyes downcast.

"Fine. As I said, I hope you won't regard this as approval on my part."

“No, mother."

"Well, I'll tell Jud you'll be right down," she smiled, Jennifer recognizing it as a meaningless mannerism having nothing to do with either humor or enjoyment. "Jenny…?" she began.

"Yes?"

"Nothing," Gloria said and closed the door behind her, glad that she had caught herself. She had wanted to ask if Jud was good in bed, but realized that it would have sounded callous or tasteless to her daughter's young ears. None the less, she could not help but wonder about Jud's or, for that matter, Jenny's talents. Fumbling kids, of course. Did she turn him on at all? Well. she could sit around and fantasize after they had gone.

The horizon was pale blue, darkening into black night to the east. Low white caps slid in toward the beach, and broke to wash up over the sand in smooth sheets. Jennifer looked out her window at the Pacific, wondering at her mother's sudden offer of birth control pills. She was glad, but it made her feel odd, as if her mother had intruded into her most private realm, Insinuating something unpleasant.

She turned her eyes to Jud who glanced toward her with a smile. She had been overjoyed when he had awkwardly suggested driving directly to the beach.

She slid over next to him, her leg pressed against his, and laid her hand on the firmness of his thigh.

Jud looked at her with anticipation, and then back to the road. A full moon sequined the ocean with reflected light, and the beach was a sensuous blend of blonde sand dunes and brown shadows.

"What're you thinkin' about?" he asked to break the silence.

"Oh, nothing really. I… no, I was thinking about us,' she forced herself to admit.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," she grinned, relaxing.

He turned the radio on, amused that he had forgotten about it, and slid one arm around her back. She rested her head against his shoulder, her hair drifting out with the breeze from the car windows.

"Jud… I… love you, darling," she whispered, glad for the refuge of his shoulder.

"Yea, I, uh…" he laughed nervously, squeezing her shoulder. "Yeah."

"Yeah?" she imitated, touched by his shyness.

"I love you too, baby. It… it's just kinda hard sayin' it, you know? A guy… he never knows how a girl's gonna take it."

"Love, that's all, Jud. That's what it means to me. One day at a time, like… like the rest of life," she said, searching herself.

"Yesterday," by The Beatles, blended with the gentle hum of the ocean, and they sat self-consciously through the song. Then their eyes met. He lowered his face to feel the swell of her lips against his, his tongue easing them apart to glide between her teeth to share caresses with her tongue. Her hands glided up to the sides of his face, her fingers playing in the hair behind his ears, her fingernails touching against his flesh. He slid one hand up her back, feeling the softness of the jersey glide between their flesh, and his other hand held her hip, the heel of his hand feeling the top of her thigh while his fingertips played against the resilience of her backside, the leather of her skirt a textured second skin.

Their breathing grew heavier, the movements of their mouths more Insistent, their tongues lancing back and forth. Gradually, they lowered back till she was laid out upon the front seat, Jud sitting on the edge to lean over her. His hand slid around from her back to move up her stomach to her breasts. His fingers curled out and the whole of her breasts was his, a domed swell yielding to his touch.

Their bodies sweltered with heat that burned outward to flush and tingle their flesh. His hand was under her blouse, upon the contours of her belly, over the lace cups of her bra, and around behind her to fumble with the snaps that finally came loose, back around the firm smoothness of her side, and over the hot cushion of her breast, her plump nipple molding to his palm. Her shoulders pulled back, the muscles bunching with the wave of sensation, and she arched against his touch. Her hands were upon the ripples of his back muscles. He was laying atop her. There was too little air and too much heat one moment, but the next moment it was erased from the canvas of awareness by the weight of his loins against hers.

As if in slow motion, their lips separated, the flesh adhering for a moment In reluctant parting. Through clouded vision, hearing only

the heavy heaves of their breathing, they looked at one another.

"Baby, do you…? I… I can wait If you want, but… I don't want to," he whispered, their faces almost touching. "I just want you, want to love you.'

"Yes, I… yes." she trembled with a radiance of passion.

"There's a blanket in the back…"

She nodded with a joyous smile; and he slid back, turning the radio off. The door was open and he was outside, and her hands were In his, and she was gliding up and out to feel the coolness of the ocean breeze upon her heated flesh. He opened the trunk and removed the blanket, closing It back. He took the car keys from the Ignition; and they slid their arms around one another. They moved up the beach and back in to the dunes, the sand flowing round their feet.

Behind a dune that blocked the wind, Jud spread out the blanket, a dark blue patch upon the blonde sand. They stood a moment, savoring the sight of one another.

"Jud, I… a virgin," she said, chewing at the corner of her mouth.

"So am I," he admitted, realizing it only after the words were out.

"Really?" she asked with surprise, having assumed any male as handsome as Jud would have had more experience than she. She felt her nervousness ease, a sense of comradeship pulling her even closer to him.

"Yeah," he nodded sheepishly.

"Good," she smiled.

"You're not disappointed?" he asked.

"We'll learn together."

She was in his arms and his hands were sailing up her sides to raise the blouse, her flesh velvet beneath his touch. She lifted her arms and it was over her head, her moonlit hair spilling back down around her face. The light cloth fluttered to the ground, and the straps of her already unfastened bra slid down her arms to join it. Her fingers freed the buttons of his shirt and she felt the blond hair of his chest fur her breasts, arid he sighed at the press of the warm flowerings.

Nude from the waist up, their hands grazed over their exposed flesh, his chest and her breasts flowing together, their mouths blending. They knelt and the catch of her skirt was free, the zipper slid its length, and the skirt was a loop of leather around her knees. His fingers parted her nylon briefs from the ripe swell of her buttocks to feel the silken roundness beneath his oscillations. His other hand encased her other cheek, and the panties were rolled down.

They leaned over, the blanketed sand shifting to the press of their prone bodies.

Her fingers cleared his belt and freed the button of his pants. They coiled in his pubic hair, touching the root of his prick, curling

down and plucking it loose from the hold of cloth to circle it in a firm squeeze.

His mouth worked with an impassioned fervor, coming loose of her lips to guide his tongue to her ear, letting the point spiral inward, his breath a diffused massage of warmth. His hands flexed the luxurious yield of her derriere, his forehead furrowed to her tremulous manipulation of his throbbing staff. His tongue slid to the juncture of her throat's graceful curve and the supple valley above her collar bone, burrowing in against the flesh, and he felt her body roll against his, her fingers tightening their undulating hold.

Jennifer's fingers hooked round the tops of his slacks and underwear, working them down over his fiat rump and below the stallion thrust of his machine. She cupped his balls and stroked the length of his prod, her tongue at his ear as she swung her hips against the press of his thigh. Then he was gliding up and away from her and she reached out lest she lose him, but he was not standing, only kneeling to lower her panties to her skirt, pulling both down the length of her legs and off. He paused a moment, feasting his eyes for the first time on her total nudity. His breath labored, he let his eyes gaze over the long legs, auburn thatch, tapered belly, and upthrust breasts.

Jennifer blushed lightly at his loving inspection, and lifted up to take hold of his pants, pushing them down to his knees. He smiled and dropped back to the blanket, and they were both naked. Her eyes memorized the definition of his muscled body, the bunch of his stomach muscles, his handsome face, and his throbbing manhood that arched straight out from his body.

Her hands curved to the tops of his thighs and she was sinking down to touch her mouth to the light purple bulb, her hair trickling over his loins in minute sweepings of sensation. Her hands slid up to his hips and her tongue and lips wove a casing of fire over the swollen head. One hand curled under a breast to cup It, and his back arched to press his head down into the embrace of the beach.

She savored the taste of the bauble of flesh and took it all Into her mouth, her lips easing down around the shaft. She sucked deeply, quaffing the taste of his skin, her hair a cascade upon his belly. She felt him tremble within and lift up against her, and her hands skied over his belly and loins, coming together to cradle the tight purse with its holding of his testicles. His moan lolled against the muted roar of the sea, and his hand tightened on her breast as he shifted. She started to speak out, to stop him, but turned onto her side as he pivoted to graft his mouth to her lush furrow.

His tongue sliced the voluptuous sanctuary, and her nether lips parted to his snaking probe. She shivered at the dip and infiltration as

he savored the sweet pulsing; and he felt his body ease and contract with the convulsions she played on his prick He felt the press of her opened portals and ringlets of her hair upon his face, and felt his tongue catch under the pearlike node of her cit He flicked the tip over the firm kernal, his lips holding back the soft furls of its embrasure. A fragile perfume filled his nostrils, her taste was sweet.

Jud felt himself skim the periphery of paradise, his mind embroiled within the bombardment of his central nervous system, his stomach pulled in upon itself with the intensity that quivered his loins. His eyelids closed, and his hands tightened around the domes of her backside.

Rapture disintegrated the facade of Jennifer's social being, and she was freed to the quake and flash of her body responding to Jud's searing tongue and knowing touch. A wave of lightning coursed through her.

They writhed and bucked against one another, moans and cries spilling around mouthed flesh. The blanket twisted and bunched beneath them, and their fused flesh vibrated with their pulsations. Jud jerked at a sudden rush of flaming spasms, and tried to pull free of Jennifer. But she held him tightly and his mouth opened wide against her tender lodging, and he was consumed with the lava bursts of his climax. She took in his explosive come greedily, and he bucked loose of her lamb pit with a cry of release, his face contorted with the vastness of engulfing satiation. Then it was moving past, but his body continued to jerk with the depth of his response, and he fell away from her, turned from the waist to lay back gasping. He tried to move back but was too weak. She lifted her head from his spent flesh, her eyes glistening with happiness over what she had given him. She started to sit up, but his hands encircled her hips and slowly tightened.

"No, darling, just lay back and… " she began.

His mouth fell back into the garden of her underbelly, and she felt him recup her cut, sucking at it as his tongue dueled with it in raindrop slashes. She floated back down and her fingers curled ineffectually around his softened tool.

He consorted with the focal point of her awareness, holding the pearl in a setting of fluctuating flesh that circled, flicked, sucked and vibrated it with kisses. Caught upon the spindle of his tongue, she squinned and thrashed under the flurry within the tender yield of her depths. Then, the center point of sensation surged out to blanket all her senses into one shattering roar that rushed upward, pulling forward into the blinding flash of a realization of infinite pleasure. And she was afloat In serenity.

He raised up onto one elbow and their eyes met, and the joy of a

shared world shined and reflected and there was no need for words. He turned around and they embraced, holding one another to tightly press their flesh together as close as possible.

"Whew, Jen, I…"

"Yeah," she smiled. "Want to go for a swim?" she asked after a minute.

Refreshed, he stood and lifted her up with him. They kissed and ran down toward the water. The tan of their bodies, broken only by the white of their loins and her breasts, danced into the sea, splashing gaily. The water swirled around their knees, and they dove out into the surf to appear a few moments later, surging up amid a moonlit spray, their hair a shimmering wash flaying the air.

Standing, they came into one another's arms, feeling the wet slide of flesh between them. Her mouth opened to the turn of his lips, and their hands slid over the moist contours of their bodies. Despite the wash of cool water, Jud felt his flesh begin to harden again. White froth surged and swelled around their loins, churning between their thighs and swaying their bodies together.

His hands covered her shoulder blades to press her breasts in a wet glide over the water matted hair of his chest She felt the hair curl and uncurl around the hardened rise of her nipples, the supple cupolas of the aureoles pressed back against her. Her hands fondled his sides, and she felt the lunge and shift of his hardened cock against her belly.

Jud reached down and plucked his straining shaft from the broiling water, guiding it with the flow into her amber harbor. He leaned forward from the knees, rolling his hips to dive up into her. He felt the resistance of the membrane and checked his movement Their eyes met and held for a moment, their mouths lounging against one another; and she nodded. Her lips writhed against his and he felt her tongue churn into his mouth.

Jud unlocked his legs to let the shifting of the sea play the head of his lance against the resistance of her hymen. Her mouth tightened against his and her teeth bit softly into his lower lip, and suddenly the veil broke, and he felt the suddenly permeable fissure taking In the length of him.

A pink plume slid from the blend of their flesh to immediately disappear in the green and turbulence. Jennifer tightened at the shredding under Jud's penetration, only to suddenly relax at the detumescence; and then there was no pain. Her mind spun on a carrousel of awed rapture, his tapering plunge an exaltation of her senses. They trembled to the dialogue of flesh, the electric currents leaping through their united bodies, encased within the tapestry of tumbling ocean currents.

The moist sand shifted under the press of his feet, and the sudden

crest of a wave tossed Jud to the side. Still linked, they fell, rolling to keep their heads above water, and they knelt in the tumult, his loins telescoping up into her suckling cover. Digging his feet into the sand, Jud lunged up and Jennifer moaned as he lifted her with him. Standing again, he seized her thighs just below the sway of her backside and pulled toward him, and her legs rose with the support of his grip. She locked her ankles at the small of his back, and her ripe cul-de-sac blossomed to the drive of his spar and her mouth lashed at his.

He moved back toward the beach, his braced legs webbing the air with splashes of glittering light. With each step, Jennifer rocked upon the spindle of his prick, feeling the wedge of it roll and toss against her liberated confine.

He stumbled up onto the sand that sparkled with pearls of moonlight as the blankets of moisture ran back down, and then back up in a cascade of foam and froth. He dropped to his knees, holding Jennifer braced against him, and then slid his hands up her back to lower her down to the pale glimmer, his hands returning to the dimpled small of her back, and over the swell of her buttocks to encase her thighs. Her legs spread, and he was dipping down into her uplifted cleft.

Her shoulders slid upon the sweep of the tide, her hair twining streaks of blonde and gold in the silver as he polished the tender chamber, building his pace, feeding his staff up into her. The moon shimmered against the night sky behind his head; and she thrust and bucked up against his fall. And they both cried out against the rumble of the ocean.

His torso turned and twisted to the heat of his loins, and he sucked in great lungfulls of air, gulping at it greedily, his vision swimming. Jennifer felt her senses leap beyond their loveplay in the dunes, vast surges seizing her. Her mouth opened wide, her breathing stopped at the dancing lances of reflected moonlight that seemed to leap up around them to blind her sight. And they both cried out, their bodies sealing together with a consumptive culmination, shaking them to their deepest recesses.

Gradually their tension eased, slowly hearing returned, vision refocused, and their hearts and lungs pumped feverishly. It was as if they had been granted sight after a life of blindness, and they covered one another with their lips and touch, words of love tumbling with the waves. As they dropped back, the moon, bright above them was a sheet, and the softness of the beach was their bed.

Chapter 3

As Jud and Jennifer had embraced in the surf, as their bodies had linked and become one, four eyes had watched. They had watched the two lovers move to the beach, had seen them climax, and had viewed them as they lay satiated with ecstasy.

The younger of the two was approximately the same age as Jud, almost gaunt with dark circled eyes. Oiled strands of hair kept dropping into his eyes and he kept brushing them back. Around his forearm was tied a belt and in the crook of his elbow, where the makeshift tourniquet had raised the veins, were needle marks. Amongst these tracks was planted a needle. The second man pressed the rubber bulb and the pale fluid disappeared into the vein.

The second man was around thirty, heavier set than the younger man, but pale. He slid the needle from the other man's arm and put it away, relooping the belt through his trousers. Below them, the moonlight danced on the moist sand around Jud and Jennifer.

The older man hunched his shoulders against the night air and continued to look at the unsuspecting youths. His companion's hand nodded down to his chest and he wiped at a runny nose. He watched on as Jud and Jennifer embraced again and then ran into the surf, laughing and stumbling. When they came back onto the beach and began to move toward their clothes, he elbowed the younger man.

"Hey, Billy boy," he said in a hushed voice. But Billy only mumbled groggily. The older man reached out and caught Billy's face up in his hand, squeezing his cheeks together. Billy looked up in confusion.

"Wha's matter, John?" he asked.

"They're gettin' ready to split, Billy. Let's go.

"I don't…" he slurred.

"Yeah, I know you're smacked out. Well, or John wants a piece of that young nookie. So get up off your ass if you want anymore horse," John snarled, shaking Billy's shoulder.

Billy squeezed his eyes tightly closed, shook his head, and stood shakily. John was already moving through the dark dunes, and he dumbly followed.

"Oh, Jud, it was so good," Jennifer smiled, pulling her panties up her legs.

"Yeah," Jud smiled, embracing her once again. Their mouths opened and joined, and his eyes closed with the sweet joy of her body against his.

"Now ain't that sweet," John's voice mocked out of the darkness.

Both Jud and Jennifer whipped around in surprise. They looked

around but saw nothing but sand, dune grass and shadows. Jennifer held tightly to Jud's side, terrified.

"Get dressed, baby," Jud whispered to her, his eyes searching the darkness.

She nodded and grabbed up her bra. Jud ran the tip of his tongue between his lips, fearful for the both of them. Was it some prankster taking advantage of their situation and the concealment of darkness to scare them? Or was it…

A flash of pain, a cascade of darkness and sparks of light filled Jud's head. He felt himself sway backward, the pain in his temple fogging his vision. Then there was the form of a man before him. He tried to bring his fists up but, as if in slow motion, the man was swinging toward his midsection. He heard Jennifer scream against the roar of the surf as the man's fist buried itself in his stomach. His mouth opened with the pain and he fell to his knees.

"Jud! No! Leave him alone! Leave him alone!" came Jennifer's panicked voice through the haze, followed by the man's foot, the heavy toe of his shoe clipping Jud along the side of the head. Then there was only the darkness of unconsciousness.

Jennifer stood looking at Jud in horror. Was he dead? Her mouth open with her silenced cry, she slowly looked up at the man, shaking her head with confusion.

"Hello, pretty puss," John smiled, slipping his coat off.

Jennifer grabbed up her skirt and blouse, holding them over her body. She backed away, fear tightening her throat and sheening her upper lip and forehead with perspiration, a chill between her shoulder-blades bunching her shoulders.

"What's the matter, pussy," John grinned, showing yellowed teeth as he began unbuttoning his shirt.

"Please, leave us alone. Please. We won't tell," she pleaded on the verge of tears.

"Tell?" he teased. "Tell what, pretty baby? How that rotten bastard raped you? How he took your cherry? How I saved you?" he giggled, slipping his shirt off.

Jennifer saw heavy body hair black against chalk white flesh, the ribs showing clearly above a heavy stomach. She turned suddenly to run and stumbled into Billy.

She leapt away with a scream. Then, for a moment, she thought he was someone who would rescue her, someone her own age, an ally.

"Ain't she pretty, Billy?" John sniggered, unbuckling his belt.

Billy nodded, his eyes wet, sniffling. Jennifer looked from one to the other, to Jud's slack form. She turned and ran toward the dunes. John leapt after her, his hands grabbing out. The fingers of one hand caught in her panties and the cloth gave, ripping away from her hips.

She stumbled and kicked forward, running upward.

John cursed and moved after her. Billy watched them moving into the shadows. He glanced toward Jud as if seeing him for the first time.

"Come on, you asshole, or she'll get away!" John yelled back at him.

Billy sighed, then remembered the plastic bags of heroin in John's pockets, and forced himself to move up after them.

Jennifer gasped for breath, pulling at the high grass, her feet sliding in the sand. Behind her she could hear the ragged breath of John. If she could get to the road, would she be safe? What about Jud? The now cold night air chilled her flesh, and her lungs ached.

Cursing, John looked back to Billy catching up with him. Where was the girl? There was not only the danger of losing her but of the police being involved. He could dump the bags of scag but the tracks of needle marks on the insides of Billy's arms would not help. Damn! where was the little bitch, he wondered.

Jennifer knew the highway to be deserted at this late hour and knew that there were no homes or businesses for miles. She was on her own. No one would be coming to her aid now. She glanced back from the covering of the dune's shadow to see that Billy had caught up to John twenty yards behind. Biting the inside of her lip, she started moving to her left, back above where Jud lay.

"Get up to road and we'll have her trapped," John gasped for air, shoving Billy ahead.

He watched Billy climb, the stupor of the heroin receding a little from the exertion and the resistance his system was building to it. He looked across the patterns of moonlit sand and shadows, seeking the girl.

Jennifer dropped down between two dunes forty yards from John. Twenty yards below Jud lay sprawled on the beach. She kicked the sand away, scooping at it with her hands. She was still afraid, but in the pursuit the panic had eased and reason returned. Pushing the sand away, she dropped down into the shallow, pulling the sand back over her. Within moments only her face showed in the darkness. In the distance, she heard the voices of the men.

"Any sight of her?" John called back.

"Nothing," Billy called back.

"Okay, stay where you are. I got me an idea," John yelled evenly.

Jennifer chilled. What were they going to do now? Why didn't they just leave? She wanted to cry. She wanted Jud to embrace her. She wanted them to be somewhere safe.

"Hey, cunt! You can hear me, so you'd better give a look see at your boyfriend," came John's voice from below her.

Cautiously, Jennifer raised her head and shoulders from the sand and looked down to the beach. John stood over Jud, a knife in his hand catching the light of the moon. She bit down on her hand to keep from screaming.

"You see, bitch? You see what's In my right hand? Okay, keep watching," John yelled, going to one knee. He scooped Jud's genitals into the palm of his other hand and held the knife down over the base of Jud's penis. "Now, you see what's in my left hand? Well, unless you come on down here an' show me an' Billy a good time, I'm gonna have me a souvenir. You understand? You ain't no cherry no more, baby, so it ain't that big a deal ballin' us. But if you don't, your sweety here ain't never gonna ball no one again. You got five seconds to say something."

Jennifer stared in horror, hardly able to comprehend John's words. Would he actually castrate Jud rather than let her escape? She knew she could not risk guessing wrong. Slowly, almost wearily, she stood.

"I… I'm coming down," she forced herself to yell. “I knew you'd get smart," John said, folding the blade of his knife away, and flipping Jud's genitals from the palm of his other hand. He looked down and smiled, then stood as Jennifer came down onto the beach.

"You can come on back, Billy," John called. "An' you can come over here and undress me, puss," he grinned at Jennifer.

Jennifer stood looking at him, helpless. Her arms dropped to her sides and her blouse and skirt fell to the sand. John's eyes touched the swells of her breasts above the lace cups of her bra, roamed down over the slope of her belly to the copper coils of her loins, and then down the lengths of her legs. When his eyes returned to hers they narrowed with impatience. Forcing herself, she lifted one foot and then the other, moving toward John, hearing Billy coming down from behind her.

"Get to work," John sneered coldly.

Her trembling fingers unbuttoned his slacks and tugged the zipper loose. The trousers slid down his thighs, and she stared at the boxer shorts with the hard bulge of his prod pushing them out.

"The shoes, stupid," he spat.

Dropping to her knees, she began unlacing the shoes. Her eyes flicked to Jud as he moaned. Was there still a chance, she wondered as John stepped out of one shoe. Could they still be free of these monsters?

"You got your knife, Billy?" John asked, and Billy nodded. "Good. Make sure the boyfriend don't get outta hand."

Tears spilling from her eyes, Jennifer watched Billy crouch beside Jud, knife in hand. John raised one leg as she held the trousers.

"Now the shorts, pussy," he ordered when his trousers were off.

Jennifer straightened and unsnapped the shorts. They dropped around his ankles and he stepped free of them. Before her face was his hardened flesh. Jennifer wanted to laugh at him and tell him he was small in comparison to Jud, but she knew better. Suddenly, John's hand grabbed her hair.

"Now, I want you to eat me up good and drink me down. You understand," he said sharply, jerking her head.

She nodded, tears streaking her face. She forced back a gagging sensation.

"I can't hear you!" He growled.

"Yes. Y-yes, I understand," she said tearfully.

“That's a good little puss," he giggled and shoved her head toward his crotch with the grip of her hair. "Get it on!"

Squeezing her eyes closed over her tears, Jennifer parted her lips, feeling the softness of his head against them. He lunged and he was inside her mouth. She forced back a choke, and closed her mouth around the pike, tasting unbathed flesh. She tried to pretend that it was Jud, finding it easier to suck and bite at the fullness. She heard John begin to moan, his grip on her hair loosening.

Jud raised his head, consciousness gradually returning. The pain from the blows to his head still burned behind his eyes as he tried to refocus, and recall where he was. The beach. He and Jenny had been making love, a voice, a man, and then… He jerked his head up and saw Jenny kneeling before a man, eating him as he held her by the hair.

Feeling blind rage well up, Jud started to leap up from the sand when he was grabbed by his own hair from behind and thrown onto his back. Above him stood a younger man with a knife outburst toward Jud's throat.

"You lay there nice an' quiet an' you'll be okay," Billy slurred.

Jud wanted to beat Billy to a pulp, but to move was to have his throat slashed, and probably Jennifer's. His fists clenched in anguished frustration. He could hear John's moans becoming a gurgling groan.

John thrust his loins out against Jennifer's face, his climax building. His eyes lidded, he swung out against his grip on her, feeling her mouth moving up and down the length of him. He grinned with the warm surge, and then tensed as it began to mount.

Jennifer could feel him begin to spasm, could feel his fingers painfully tighten in her hair, could feel his sweaty thighs slap against her cheeks. Then he tensed and his prod sprayed out into the back of her mouth. She coughed and choked at the acrid flow, and he flung her away. She fell back to the sand, wiping her mouth as John swayed above her for a few moments, his reddened shaft still pumping,

dripping upon the beach.

"You're good. Say, what's your name?" he asked breathlessly, opening his eyes.

"J-Jennifer," she stammered, feeling nausea churning her stomach.

"Yeah, J-Jennifer," he mocked. "You're r-real good. Billy, you want some while I take time to get it up again?" he asked, turning from her.

Billy nodded, and John went over to Jud, taking his knife from his trousers. With the knife at Jud's throat, Billy put his away and stood.

"Don't you worry, boy. Billy's real good. He'll take care of J-Jennifer," John taunted.

Jud watched as Billy stopped before Jennifer. She looked up and for a moment their eyes met. Yet, neither could hold the look, shame and embarrassment sweeping over both. Billy lifted Jennifer's chin with the toe of his shoe. She looked up into his glassy eyes, waiting for some instruction or for his attack.

Billy's hand came out of his slacks and his knife opened. Jennifer cringed, and Jud forced his eyes shut, the veins standing out on his throat and arms. Billy reached down and caught Jennifer's bra between her breasts and jerked her to her feet. Crying out in surprise, she balanced herself to see the knife move toward her. She stared with wide eyes as it approached her breasts. Then, quickly, it sliced through the cloth of her bra.

Putting the knife away, Billy pulled the cloth free and looked at the silken pillows of her breasts, at the puffed cushions of her aureoles and the gentle nubs of her nipples.

Hearing no cry of pain, Jud opened his eyes, nausea burning his throat. Jud felt the blood drain from his face, felt sweat bead his body, and knew his only other choice was death.

"Don't worry baby," Billy whispered. "I'm too smacked out to even get a hard-on," he whispered sadly, running his hands over her body. "Just gonna hold you."

Jennifer felt relieved as he embraced her. Her head in the nock of his shoulder, she looked behind him, and started at the, sight of John and Jud. Jud's eyes were closed and his mouth was twisted with repulsion. John's tool was hardening again, a sickly smile on his lips. Tears welled up once again as she realized the degradation they were being forced to share.

"You through, Billy?" John asked.

"Yeah. Yeah, John, I'm through." Billy answered, stepping back from Jenny, his sad eyes touching her briefly.

"Good. Come and hold him down, huh?"

Billy took out his knife again and switched places with John, his

eyes on the sand. John stood and moved back toward Jennifer. He grabbed her roughly by the sides and threw her onto her back, falling atop her. She cried out as he drove up into her. Jud watched helplessly as the pale flanks rose and fell cruelly, heard his grunting and her cries. Then it was over.

Wiping himself with her severed bra, John dressed himself. He walked over to Billy and Jud and grinned down at them.

"That's a nice little piece you got there, J-Jud. You keep it warm in case I should ever want some more, he snickered. "After we're gone you might think of callin' cop or somethin', but don't. Cause we'll be long gone and all it'll get you is J-Jennifer's picture in the paper tellin' the world how she ain't cherry no more. You understand?"

Jud nodded, just wanting them to be gone, for this to be over with. Then the knife was away from his throat and John's shoe was clipping him just above his eye. He fell back in a daze.

John laughed and put his arm around Billy, leading him toward the dunes. Weeping, Jennifer eased herself up and painfully stood. From the darkness came the sound of an auto starting and then driving away. She stumbled toward Jud.

Chapter 4

Brushing the tears from her face, Jennifer knelt beside Jud. Moaning, he pushed himself up onto one elbow trying to overcome the vertigo and nausea he felt.

"Are… are you all right?" Jennifer asked weakly.

"Yeah, I think… so. Just sorta punchdrunk, I guess. Are you okay? I mean… did they hurt you?" he asked, looking up at her, grief and guilt merging in his eyes.

"No, the… the big one was cruel and rough but she trailed off, dropping her eyes from his.

"I'm sorry, baby. But there wasn't anything I could do," he said, asking her to understand.

"I know. Nothing anybody could do. So ugly. Why… why do men want to do that? To just… masturbate with a woman, with no… no joy… no love, just using a person like a tissue they'd blow their nose on. So empty. Why, Jud? Why!" she suddenly demanded, near hysteria.

"I don't know, Jen. I… maybe they don't like women really, but just can't admit it to themselves. I don't know," he trailed off, shaken by her heaving shoulders and her sobs. He reached out to touch her shoulder comfortingly, to embrace her against the world, but she recoiled as if a snake had touched her. Jud blinked, shaken, his hand still extended. His lips parted to ask what was wrong, but he said nothing, silenced by the burning anger in her wide eyes.

"I… I only…" he faltered helplessly.

She stared at him for a moment, and then her eyes changed as if realizing who he was, that it was not John's hand come to defile her again. She pressed her fingers to her temples and shook her head.

"I… I'm sorry, Jud. I…"

"It's okay, baby," he said, his eyes probing for some explanation. "Do you want to go back into town?"

"Yes. Away from here," she nodded and stood, stumbling back to where her clothes lay in the sand.

Jud watched her for a moment and then painfully stood. She turned her back to him and quickly dressed, and Jud felt as if his knees were being kicked out from under him, as if the last shreds of happiness and hope were being torn from his grasp. With a dead, hollow feeling he dressed. Silently, they returned to his car.

The drive was tortuously long with silence. Jennifer sat next to the door, staring into the night. Jud glanced at her, but did not know what words to say, or if there were words. Finally, they pulled to a stop in front of her house and she opened the door.

"Jen, I… Do you want to do anything about… call the police or…?" he asked, feeling that he should.

"No!" she snapped, then immediately calmed. "No, he was right. What good would it do? It'd only drag this out. Good night, Jud. I wish… I wish my head wasn't so messed up. Night." And the door was closed and she was walking swiftly toward her door.

Jud watched the door shut behind her. Was it all over between them? Did she blame him for taking her to the isolated beach in the first place, for not being able to defend her, for simply being a male like their attackers? His head still ached from the blows and the emotional devastation of seeing her attacked, of having her turn away from him in her distress rather than to him for comfort, had all left him exhausted. Wearily, he started the car and drove away.

Jennifer sat on the edge of her bed, glad that her mother had already gone to sleep and, for once, glad that her father was not at home. It seemed as if she should be able to confide in her mother, be offered her comfort. But she was alone. There was no one. No one to trust, no one to believe, no one to love. The world had become a dark tunnel seeking to swallow her in nothingness.

Her hands clinched in her lap, she looked at the vanity mirror before her. Was she different now? Could someone tell by just looking at her that a degenerate had wiped himself on her? Everything had changed so quickly, her feelings about herself and everything apart from her.

She felt dirty, soiled as her clothing. Pulling them off with distaste, she flung the clothes onto the floor of her closet, planning, to throw them away the next day, not wanting to ever see them again much less feel them against her flesh. Wrapping herself in a towel, she went into the bathroom to shower, to try to bathe away what she felt inside.

From his window next door, Winslow watched Jennifer strip and go into the bathroom. Yet, he felt no joy at the sight of her body. He knew something was wrong. Her vacant manner, her repulsion with her clothing, the severed bra, the absence of panties and her shaky walk all indicated that someone had attacked her, had hurt her more than physically. Was it her boyfriend, he wondered with sadness and anger. No, it seemed unlikely.

Winslow turned away from the view. He felt like her father. He wanted to kill whoever the man or men were. But he could not even comfort her, could not let her free her fears and memories to his ear, could not avenge her. He felt helpless, and a little older, as if her robbed innocence had been partly his.

In his own bedroom, Jud sat with much the same feelings. Yet, he knew the details, knew the face of the men. It was a large city in

which two people might never meet even if the men lived there, but he knew if he ever saw one of them he would live only long enough to lead him to the other. Jud was not a violent person, did not believe in violence as a solution, but he knew with certainty that he would not be able to restrain himself if the opportunity arose. They had brutalized the woman he loved and turned her against him, and that aroused something beyond rational response. As much as he wanted to beat the two of them to death, he also hoped that he would never see them again and thus could not have the opportunity. He did not want to be a murderer, he just wanted justice.

The next morning, Monday, Jennifer did not come to school and, when Jud phoned, her mother told him that she was feeling ill and could not come to the phone. Tuesday, he sat in front of the sprawl of the high school waiting for her. Just before the bell her mother dropped her off and she walked toward him, her eyes on the sidewalk.

"Jen, are you feeling better?" he asked, standing to walk alongside her.

She glanced at him with a forced smile, nodded, and continued on as before. Jud stopped at his classroom door and watched her move down the crowded hallway as if sleep walking, unaware that he was no longer at her side. Depressed, he went into the room to sit through that class, his mind elsewhere, seeking escape from his depression.

The rest of the week showed no change in her state of mind, and when they went out Saturday night there were only awkward silences, and Jud's dread that she would recoil if he touched her. After he took her home, he decided that he would not approach her again, seeing no benefits for either of them and only pain for him.

Winslow Bass left the blinds closed in his bedroom, wishing to spare himself of the sight of Jennifer in her present state.

Gloria Dallas passed Jennifer's silent staring off as a teenager's dreaminess, perhaps afraid to seek the explanation.

And Jennifer sat alone with a sense of emptiness and belief in the futility of finding order once again.

On Thursday of that week, Jud had stood to leave his Government class, the hour having passed without his attention.

"Jud?"

"Yes," Miss Bastrop?" he answered, startled from his thoughts of Jennifer.

"I'd like to talk with you about the test you took Monday," Gillian Bastrop said.

"Yes, ma'am," Jud nodded hesitantly.

"I'm afraid you failed it, Jud. Quite badly too. Your average so far is a low C. If you should do badly on the next test and the final… well, I'm afraid you might flunk the course. And as a graduating senior, I'm

sure you don't want to have to go to summer school, do you?" she asked with concern.

"No, ma'am," Jud exhaled deeply. Didn't he have troubles enough without his grades going too, he wondered.

"Well, if you just blew off studying for this one test, you shouldn't have too much trouble. But if the material's giving you trouble…? Is it?"

"I, uh, my mind just hasn't been on it, I guess," he muttered nervously.

"Yes, all right. If you should need some help I'll do what I can," she offered. "Being tutored isn't much fun, but it can be better than spending the summer in a classroom."

"Thanks, Miss Bastrop. If I get bogged down, I'll call or something," he smiled foolishly.

"Fine. My number's in the teacher's directory. You can go now, Jud," she smiled at his awkwardness.

He nodded and left the room. Gillian watched him and then stood, walking to the windows of the empty classroom. Twenty-five years old, Gillian had been teaching high school classes as a full-time teacher for two years, taking graduate courses during the summers. She was slightly tall with a lithe fullness to her body. Light freckles and an olive complexion gave her flesh a warm, sultry glow. Auburn hair framed a face of symmetrical features beautiful in their simplicity. Only her heavily lidded green eyes, and her full lips stood out in their uncommon beauty, emphasized by the soft contours of cheek and forehead.

She wore her hair tied back, dressed in modest skirts and blouses, and wore her glasses which she needed only or long reading, while teaching. She did not become homely or unattractive, but her beauty was muted and, thus, the attentions of her male pupils was kept from wandering from their books When she had started, as a student-teacher, several days were always spent with the boys staring warmly at her, their interest in Government completely buried.

Standing at the window she watched Jud disappear in the parking lot amongst the other youths, and smiled at her memory, for she found herself wanting Jud's attention. She knew she was being foolish, but there was something about him that appealed greatly to her apart from her relation to him as a teacher.

Though men often were attracted to her, she seldom felt a responsive emotion. Alex was only the third or fourth man she had ever met that she truly wanted to be with. And he was in Europe. An engineer, he had taken a year's assignment working in Italy, telling her that he was not sure if he was ready to settle down, and that he felt the time apart would answer the question for both of them. But he

had been gone almost nine months, and though she had been able to involve herself with school work during that time, the summer was quickly approaching and he had yet to indicate a decision in his letters.

She loved him and missed him, and hoped that he would return to her. In the meantime, though, her desires had lain unquenched at least until she had seen Jud at the beginning of the spring semester.

The boyish innocence of his eyes combined with clean, chiseled features and the man's body had quickly brought him to her eye. Yet, she had neither done nor said anything, merely using him as a visual focus for her passions. Then at the beginning of the week something had changed in him. The eyes were still open to dreams and quests, but there was a sadness about them. As well, some of the lines around his eyes seemed tighter. It was as if he had suddenly had a man's world thrust upon him. The combination of boyish inexperience and honesty mixed with the body and sense of experience of a man was overpowering.

While he had stared at the floor as they spoke, she had for the first time allowed her eyes to linger upon the full crotch of his jeans. She had wanted to embrace him, to feel his knowing yet gentle hands, to see his face above hers, opened to the assault of a climax within her. She had, of course, known this to be but a fantasy that would only confuse him and probably end her teaching career. Thus, she had spoken consolingly about his grades. Yet, she had indirectly invited him to her home under the pretext of tutoring. Would he accept the offer, or realize its implication? For that matter, would she pursue her desires if he did come to her home?

She did not know, but only wondered. She wished that Alex was with her, to eliminate the temptation. But he was not. And Jud made her fully aware that she was a beautiful woman without even looking at her or speaking to her.

As Jud stood talking to Gillian, Jennifer walked listlessly from the school. She stopped at the street with its sudden rush of student traffic and looked about as if to note where she was and decide where she was going.

"Jen, how are you?" a girl's voice asked from behind.

Jen slowly turned with little interest to note who had spoken. Before her stood Deena Marlowe, hair black as night falling over her shoulders, large blue eyes shining from a heart shaped face, full breasts pressing at her velveteen blouse, and long legs extending from a skirt as short as the school allowed.

"Deena," Jennifer said with a trace of surprise. She and Deena had been best friends from grade school through junior high. They had shared the secrets of their infatuations, had pasted photos of rock and

roll stars into scrapbooks together, had stood outside hotels to catch glimpses of those stars, and yet had somehow grown apart.

Even as it had happened, neither had quite understood it. Jennifer had relished in the desire for the distant glamour of the stars while Deena had wanted to go to bed with them. Deena was bored with her parents while Jennifer sadly longed for hers to be closer. Deena had become buoyant, flashing her attractiveness, eager for excitement, change, the denied. Jennifer had remained basically shy and uncertain. The growing drug scene had automatically aroused Deena's interests, while making Jennifer wary. Thus, their interests began to differ and they saw less of one another. Then Deena had started popping "reds" and shooting speed. Jennifer knew the inherent dangers to health and life, expressed her fears for her friend to no avail, and they had lost contact. Over the past year they had seen each other now and then, but their greetings were brief and distant.

Now the sight of Deena pleased her. She was a part of the happy, uncomplicated, free times. At that moment, she did not care about their different views and tastes. Jennifer saw something to respond to, a person to talk to. She smiled with relief.

"How've you been doing?" Deena asked.

"Well… Okay, I guess," she said quickly, not wanting to talk about recent events at the moment, but to leap back into the past. What about you?"

"Fine. Stopped doing speed and pills. Just smoke a little grass. Guess I sowed my wild oats," she grinned.

"I'm glad to know that, Deena. Really, I am," Jennifer nodded.

"Say, do you need a ride? I've got my car, and we can rap, or even go out to my place if you want."

"Your place?" Jennifer asked in surprise.

"Yeah, the parents had enough of me and vice versa. But not wanting to look bad in front of their friends, they just gave me the run of the beach house and houseboat I'm the caretaker," she laughed. "Come on."

Jennifer stood a moment and then followed to catch up. Deena opened the door of a Mustang and the two got in. They pulled into traffic and Deena turned on the radio.

"Wow, it really seems like a long time, you know," she said thoughtfully. "A lot of things've gone down. And up," she smiled.

"Yeah. Aren't you lonesome out there by yourself?"

"At the beach house? Nah, it's a gas. Swim buck naked if I want, don't worry about disturbing anybody if I play records loud, and only me to answer to. Matter of fact it gave me time to get my head together and see that gettin' a rush, gettin' high wasn't worth being dead."

"Maybe that's what I need," Jennifer said more to herself than to Deena.

"You having troubles, Jen"

"I… sort of."

"Don't want to talk about it?"

"Not right now. Later, yes. But right now, I guess I just want to remember old times."

"Sure," Deena nodded. "Get us some rocking chairs, couple o' corn cob pipes and sit out on the front porch," she laughed.

"Yeah," Jennifer smiled for the second time that week.

They drove to Jennifer's house, happily discussing their junior high escapades. Gloria protested briefly against Jennifer spending the weekend at Deena's, but she was expecting her husband back in town and, thus, the idea of having the house to themselves appealed to her. As well, she did not realize that Deena was no longer living with her parents.

Deena helped Jennifer pack a small bag and they drove out toward the sea. For a moment, Jennifer felt sudden apprehension, but quickly realized that they were not going to the deserted beach but, rather, to a house with a phone, and lights, and locks on the doors.

Deena parked the ear In the garage and locked it, leading Jennifer down the stone steps behind the house to the inlet where the house boat was docked.

"The house gets kinda creepy its so big, but the house boat's a groove, feeling the ocean under you all the time," Deena said as she unlocked it. She stepped aside, waving Jennifer in the bow.

"It's really nice,' Jennifer said, looking at the kitchenette, bathroom, stereo, king sized mattress on the floor, and a glass bottomed portion of the floor.

"Yeah," Deena agreed. "Don't know about you, but I'm ready for a swim after all that driving and school," Deena said and began to unbutton her blouse.

Jennifer blinked, and then nodded, relaxing. She unzipped the back of her dress and stepped out of it. Pulling her blouse off, Deena slid the glass door open, pushing the drapes back. The ocean lay spread before them, the next house distant. Jennifer checked her hands at the clasp of her bra a moment, and then realized that there were only sea gulls to see them.

Her back to her, Deena let her skirt fall around her ankles. Her bra and panties followed and she disappeared down the walkway from Jennifer's sight.

"Come on," Deena called, and Jennifer heard the splash of her hitting water.

Jennifer stripped her clothes off and stepped out onto the

walkway. Deena's head broke water, a cascade gleaming in the sunlight as she whipped her hair up and behind her. Jennifer followed her and the two swam happily about, the sun warm on their naked flesh.

Flushed and winded, Jennifer at last pulled herself up onto the boat, pushing her wet hair away from her face. Moisture shimmered on the smooth contours of her breasts with their flower petal nipples, along the supple curve of her belly, and in the copper coils between her thighs.

Deena followed a few minutes later, grabbing the rail opening and lifting herself up to her feet. Jennifer noted the firm globes of her breasts with their pinkish nipples tight from the cold water, the narrow waist, and the sun glazed droplets that clung to the water smoothed, ebony pelt between her firm thighs. How attractive she must be to men, Jennifer thought, feeling inadequate in contrast.

Yet, if Jennifer found her body inadequate in comparison to Deena's in that brief, encompassing glance, Deena did not view Jennifer in that light. She saw the beauty in the sweeping curve from just below Jennifer's breasts down to her thighs complemented by the under swell of her buttocks, and saw the corresponding inward curve from the tops of her saucy nether cheeks up into the small of her back to trail off just below her shoulder blades, ending at the same point down her body as did her breasts. She saw the wide cushions of her breasts with the soft pink caps of her aureole and the tiny nibs of her nipples. She noted the flaxen foils shining wetly and the youthful legs.

Though she looked at Jennifer's body appreciatively, Deena concealed her inspection. When they had begun to change, to go in different directions, Deena had made no effort to reunite them because a difference that Jennifer had not been aware of was a sexual one.

Deena had become aware that as certain men were sexually attractive to her so were certain women. Being bisexual did not disturb her, but she knew that it would have disturbed Jennifer. And the woman she most desired was Jennifer, and if the knowledge of her thoughts would have shocked her, Deena giving physical expression to that desire would have ended their friendship, perhaps for ever.

Not wanting to mar their years of happy memories and not wanting to offend her friend, Deena had restrained herself. Now, standing beside her, the both of them nude and Jennifer more beautiful to her eyes then before, she felt the desire rise again, all the stronger.

Would Jen still be shocked and fearful, Deena wondered. If so, could she call up the same restraint? Or had the experiences of the last few years hardened her? Had the masochistic hours spent in shooting

galleries injecting methadrine and speed, into her veins with others left her less concerned with self-respect? Had balling for pills and needles left her with a cheapened view of sex?

Yes, was her answer, an answer she had found in solitude by the ocean. Those answers had turned her away from the way of life she had adopted, to retain and recapture things she knew to be more important.

The sun shone in Jennifer's drying hair, her eyes on the horizon, savoring the sudden relaxation from her tensions. Deena looked down at her and knew that she wanted her, but hoped that if she should make any advances that they would be accepted. She wanted Jennifer to remain her friend.

Chapter 5

There was a stillness In the air that seemed to check people's movements as a result of the hollowness of sound and the unmoving leaves of trees. Spring flowers nestled in greening grass without bees, and their nectar hung heavily with an overripe sweetness. To the north the horizon was curtained here and there with the angular slants of rain.

Jud pulled his shirt from the sweat between his shoulder blades and squinted up at the clear sky. Turning back to the garage, he continued to pick up and pack his tools. He spent the Friday afternoon throwing away oil filters, bits of wire, packings, and discarded auto parts. When they were all away, he began to scrape the collection of grease from the floor of the garage, dumping the thick clotting in with the garbage. By midday he had the place cleaned.

He had kept putting off further work on his car until he had finally decided he did not care any longer. He still wanted to play tennis but it seemed too much of an exertion to actually do it. Besides, he did not want to talk to anyone, knowing that it was Jennifer's rejection of him that he wanted to discuss, to bemoan, to rage over. Even though he knew it would get it out instead of bottling it up inside, he did not feel like talking about it, revealing his feelings to anyone. He had done that with Jennifer, and now she had mysteriously turned on him. He was not ready to trust anyone else.

Showering, he wished there was some way to find the rapists, to free himself of the violent anger he felt, the frustration over the aftereffects of that night on the beach. If only Jennifer had reacted differently, had realized that he loved her none the less, that all men weren't like the two sub humans with their knives and debasing lust.

"Stupid bitch!" he muttered as he dried off. He caught his reflection in the partly steamed cabinet mirror, and looked into the reflection of his own eyes. He knew that he had not meant It, that the anger he held in check had broken loose. How was he to resolve things? Should he just try to forget her, to date someone else? Was it hopeless?

Pulling on a pair of jeans, he slouched at his desk. He opened his Government book and consciously moved his eyes over the lines of type and graphs, trying to turn his thoughts. He had a test in less than a week, but could not involve himself in studying.

He dropped the book back onto the desk. Maybe he should take Miss Bastrop up on her offer of tutoring. He did not want to flunk out so near graduation. She seemed like someone he could talk to without having to fear her repeating what he said or reprimanding him.

Jud went into the hall and dialed the number he had written on the inside of his notebook. After four rings he started to hang up when she answered.

"Miss Bastrop? This is Jud Kilgore from your two o'clock class…" he muttered nervously.

"Yes, Jud, what do you need?" her voice came back melodiously.

"Uh, you said if I needed help, you'd, uh, give me a hand?" he offered, startled at the warm, honey purr of her voice, isolated by the phone.

"Yes, of course. What's giving you trouble?"

"Well, you see, uh, everything I'm afraid," he confessed.

"Well… if you want to come by I'll see what I can do."

"Uh, you mean now?"

"Unless you want to make it later, or after class Monday?"

"No. Fifteen minutes?"

"Fine. See you then, Jud."

He eased the receiver down -into the cradle. Well, he told himself, you've got your evening planned. Maybe it would keep his mind off Jennifer. Maybe. He sat on his bed and began putting on his shoes.

Gillian Bastrop set the phone down and stared out the window at the blue-gray slats of rain nearing the city. Was she insane, she wondered, inviting a male student to her home? The world was not that much different that a young woman teacher could be alone with a handsome male student without risking gossip and trouble with her superiors.

Yet, he did need her help. The humidity stuck her blouse between her breasts and she tugged it free. She knew that her interest in Jud went past school work. There was a warm, masculine honesty about him tempered by gentleness, and it was seldom that she met a man that truly aroused her interests. And Alex was in Europe, and she was alone, and… Gillian pressed her eyes closed, biting down on her lower lip. What was the matter with her? She was acting like one of her students, not a mature woman. Jud was a boy, seventeen to her twenty-five. Eight years. When she had finished college he was just starting junior high. Yet, if a thirty-two year old man was interested in her there would be nothing wrong, would there?

Irritated with herself, Gillian pulled her blouse from her skirt, and moved toward the bathroom for a quick shower, unbuttoning it. Perhaps, if she freed herself of the sticky weight of the air, it would clear her head. The silver blouse fluttered to the floor behind her.

Jennifer and Deena sat on pillows, eating from the low set table in the house boat. An instrumental album played softly on the stereo and the boat swayed gently with a breeze from the approaching storm.

Deena glanced across at Jennifer, unable to find a topic for

conversation that would come naturally. Jennifer ate sparsely, staring at her plate. If only she did not feel so apart from the world and people around her. If only her father was at home for her to cry on his shoulder… if only. She moved the food around absently with her fork. If only Jud had not taken her to the beach. Silently, she cursed herself for the thought. It wasn't his fault, she had gone with him more than willingly. As well, he had suffered much that night and, she knew, since then by her silence. She had wanted to speak to him, but could not as she could not bear his or any other man's touch. Hopefully, that would pass. But would it be too late for she and Jud?

"Jen?" Deena asked softly.

"Huh?" Jennifer blinked back from her thoughts.

"You want to tell me about what's botherin' you?"

"I… I don't want to burden you, Deena, with…" she trailed off, feeling stale and empty.

"I don't have any idea what it is, but I do know you'll feel better if you let it out. You can trust me, you know."

"Oh, I know that, Deena. It's only that…" and she stared down at her plate, knowing Deena was right, wanting to get rid of the cancerous memories with their guilt feeding shame. But how to start? "You know Jud?" she asked, and Deena nodded.

Moving restlessly around the room to end up at the door staring over the ocean, Jennifer recounted the Sunday night at the beach. Sitting at the table, Deena watched Jennifer's back tighten, finally relaxing as she finished with a sense of surrender. Sympathy burned at her eyes and she found her hands clutching the edge of the table.

"What do you think of me now, Deena?" Jennifer asked.

Standing, Deena saw the faint reflection of Jennifer s tear streaked face in the glass door, and felt tears fall from her own eyes. She moved to Jennifer and turned her slowly around by the shoulders.

"Jen, oh Jen, why should I think badly of you? You did nothing wrong. You and Jud were just victims of those scum. I'm only sorry for the pain and hurt it caused you," she said staring into Jennifer's widening eyes.

With a sob of relief, Jennifer embraced Deena, pressing her face into her shoulder to sob. Deena soothed her hair consolingly and wished only that she could banish all the pain.

After her crying had stopped, they sat on the edge of the bed. Deena lit a cigarette and looked at Jennifer who had laid back. The tension of her burden released, her eyes were flickering and in a moment were closed. Deena smiled at the childlike innocence of her face dabbled with the moistness of tears, and stood so as not to disturb her.

She cleared the table and washed the dishes, and then put a

record on low. Outside, gray clouds were gathering on the horizon, darkening the blue of the ocean. Slipping her beach sandals off, she sat on the bed, her turquoise bikini like leaves in the quiet shadows of the room.

Untying Jennifer's canvas shoes, she slipped them off. She paused a moment as she started to lay back, caught once again by Jennifer's beauty. She would not cause her friend any distress, not after what she had told her. Jennifer needed no more shocks, no more sexual alarms. Yet, she was so beautiful that Deena felt compelled to some action. So with the greatest care so as not to disturb her, she unbuttoned the tan shirt Jennifer wore.

Deena looked at the opened shirt bordering darker tanned flesh and the paler area from the covering by bikini tops. Then, taking the bottom corner of one side between thumb and forefinger, she lifted it up to drape it across Jennifer's arm. She repeated this action with the other side and looked down at the pale cushions against the dusky body, the bikini bottom that she still wore forming a beige mounting for her torso and a succulent crowning for her long legs.

Holding her knees under her chin, Deena sat basking in the beauty of Jennifer's body and face. Finally, she reached under the mattress and brought out a clear plastic bag of finely manicured marijuana, and a packet of papers. She rolled a single slender cigarette, and returned the bag to its hiding place. Lighting the joint, she stood at the sliding door smoking it, watching the gathering storm and the dimly lit Jennifer.

Relaxed enough to sleep beside Jennifer without abusing their friendship, she opened the door to toss the roach into the water. Easing down beside Jennifer, she snuggled her head back into her pillow to enjoy the crisp, clean smell of the storm. Mumbling in her sleep, Jennifer cuddled against her side. Deena smiled, kissed Jennifer lightly on the forehead, and fell asleep.

Getting into his car, Jud had noted that the curtains of rain were much closer to town, the air humid. Gillian's door opened to his ring and she stood smiling at him for a moment. She had just showered, and her hair was wrapped up in a jade colored towel, a few amber strands curling down in front of her ears. She wore a saffron colored silk robe that clung to the contours of her still moist body. Jud felt uneasy as he always did when he was alone with a teacher, but even more so now because his eyes kept trying to hold onto the pressings of her breasts against the fabric, the nipples clear nudges, each outlined by a minute shadow.

"You'll have to forgive me, Jud, but I was just getting into the shower when you called," she said.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he fumbled nervously.

"It's nothing," she smiled. "Here, come in. I thought you might need some help after that last test."

His eyes touched the room and he fumbled an awkward reply.

Gillian noted the wide shoulders and the hug of the cords to his thighs and buttocks. This was crazy, she told herself. She was a teacher, twenty-five to his seventeen. But she felt aroused by him, and that was a rare thing for her. Too rare to pass up, she told herself. She glanced down at her robe, hesitated a moment, and loosened the sash slightly.

"Would you like a drink, Jud?" she asked, moving to the liquor cabinet.

"Well, I, uh…" he muttered, his eyes skimming over her exposed thigh as she knelt before the cabinet, looking back over her shoulder at him.

"It's the weekend. I don't think it'll hurt anything," she smiled, and leaned forward to extend a glass toward him.

His hand faltered for a moment as her robe fell away from her breasts with her movement, revealing most of one firm globe, tan as the rest of her. He wondered where she sunbathed that she had no white mark, blinked, and accepted the glass.

Gillian smiled to herself as Jud looked around for a seat His nervousness, his boyishness, was attractive. Instead of making her feel older, it had the opposite effect, and she remembered when she had been seventeen, eight fast years before. What would her reaction have been if a teacher had seduced one of her boyfriends? She almost laughed, remembering how dull the women had seemed, how quiet. Did Jud have a girl? It seemed that she had seen him with a pretty blonde several times. She dropped ice cubes into the glasses and poured.

"Here, Jud, sit on the couch," she smiled, sliding over so that her robe slid under her and pulled away from her thighs. She kept her eyes from him as he sat, raising up to rearrange the robe to cover her legs, knowing that he was watching. She leaned forward, feeling the cloth curve out again from her breasts, and picked up her drink.

Jud felt his stomach tighten with nervousness. Was Miss Bastrop just being nice, or was she trying to seduce him? He was not sure how to react. If she was just being nice and he did anything, he would risk his grade and possible trouble both at school and at home. But why else had she greeted him like she had? Maybe she had just been starting a shower and he was finding meanings he wanted to find. It did seem odd that she had offered him a drink though, and that she had not excused herself to change her clothing.

He took a sip of the drink, his eyes on the coffee table. She was beautiful, something he had never realized at school with her hair

back, peering through glasses. Some quality of desirability was so like Jennifer that it made him hurt. Would it be at all like making love to Jennifer?

"What've you been doing with yourself, Jud?" she asked.

He turned his head, his thoughts interrupted, deciphering what she had said. The jade eyes stared warmly into his. There were a few lines at the corners of the eyes, but they were warm and friendly, the dark green haloed by black lashes.

"Oh, not much. Studying mostly," he shrugged, and took another drink as an excuse for silence.

Am I frightening you, she wondered.

"I wish I had more to do," she smiled. "I seem to spend a lot of time just sitting here grading papers. Of course, I've got meetings and things to go out to, but… that only takes up so much time."

"Um, yes," he offered, not knowing what to say.

"Certainly is getting warm. The humidity," she fluttered her robe. "I'll be back in a minute after I change," she smiled and stood.

He watched her cross the room, her buttocks swaying the silk, and move up the stairs and out of his line of vision. He took a long swallow, feeling the whiskey warm in his stomach, his muscles relaxing a little. He looked around, feeling that he should leave. But he would have to wait until she came back. He could not just walk out.

He glanced down to see the bulge of his genitals against the crotch of his slacks. Had she seen the slight hardening, he wondered. No, he was just horny and imagining things. Hadn't she gone to change? Imagining that this beautiful woman wanted to sleep with him. He wouldn't to sleep with Jennifer again. She had been so beautiful, he suddenly thought with a touch of sadness. That night on the beach…

He turned to see Gillian coming back down the stairs. She wore a simple, sleeveless dress of light blue cotton. The tapered bodice held her breasts as they shifted loosely beneath the cloth, and the short, pleated skirt swayed around their thighs. Her hair was still wrapped in the towel and she carried a hair brush.

Jud looked down into his half empty glass as she came back to the couch, knowing that he had been staring at the sway of her clearly braless movement. She sat down beside him, closer than before, he thought, and unfastened the towel. He glanced over to see little ringlets of down shimmering at the nape of her neck, and then her auburn hair tumbled down around her shoulders, nearly dry.

Gillian brushed her hair out, and he watched the light catch and glimmer on the fine texture. A wave of cinnamon fell down to mask her face from his, and his eyes touched the swell of her breasts against

the pale blue, her nipples clear pressings. Her skirt had ridden up high on her thighs, and could see golden threads of down on the firm flesh. She tossed the hair away and turned to him.

"Would you brush out the back, Jud?" she asked, offering the brush to him. "It's so hard to reach. We'll then get down to your problems."

"Sure, Miss Bastrop," he muttered, trying to put his glass down and accept the brush without dropping either.

"Gillian, Jud," she smiled, her face pressed into her shoulder as she turned her back. "School's over for the week and you will graduate in three weeks."

He stared at the back of her head for a moment, and then began to brush out the tangle of honey and auburn. He slid his hand under her hair, palm out, and brushed down over it, feeling the misty warmth of her nape against his knuckles. He licked his lips, wondering at the warmth that seemed to hold him frozen except for the mechanical rise and fall of the brush. For what seemed an interminable length of time, he slid the bristles through the waves, static electricity lifting light hazes of hair.

"Thank you, Jud," she said as she turned around, her voice low and warm.

They sat staring at one another for a moment, each waiting for the other to make the first move. The mixture of the prestorm stillness and their body heat gave each a light sheen of perspiration upon their foreheads. But they did not move to brush it away, or to pick up their drinks. They sat listening to the ticking of a clock somewhere in the room and the occasional hum of a passing car. The tension eased their lips apart, and they sat sipping air.

There was a distant rumble of thunder, and their eyes seemed to flicker. Gillian shifted her hand in her lap. There was another peel of thunder, closer this time. Swallowing, Jud looked down at the brush held in his lap, seeing the tight press of his hardened member at the juncture of his thigh and crotch. Did she see it? Could he look up into her eyes if she was looking at it too?

Gillian felt the film of perspiration between her breasts cling at the thin cotton, and wanted to pull it away, hut her eyes lingered on the relief of his erection upon the surface of corduroy. She wanted a drink too, and realized that she was breathing deeply through the small parting of her lips.

The light was dim in the living room now, but neither was aware of it or the dark clouds rolling above. Slowly, Jud raised his eyes, hut toward the table and not Gillian. He felt embarrassed at the thought of her eyes meeting his after staring down at his crotch so long. He picked up his glass and took a sip, putting the brush down, and

glanced over at her. She smiled comfortingly, and both became aware of the near darkness, as if viewing one another through diaphanous draping. They stared into one another's eyes, and she picked up her drink, lifting it to her lips without breaking the contact.

The liquor shimmering on her full lips, she slid the side of the glass over her cheek and up against her temple, feeling the refreshing coolness. Jud watched the amber tint, cast through the glass, slide over her face, heard the clink of the ice cubes, saw the faint, golden sheen where the minute down along her cheek had been moistened, and felt the glass within his tight grip.

Slowly, he slid the tip of his tongue between his lips to unseal them, and swallowed in an attempt to speak, even though he had no idea what he would say. Gillian's fingers plucked her dress from between her breasts. Suddenly, there was a violent clash of thunder that shuddered through the room, vibrating the glassware. Their eyes held for a moment, and then parted in arcs that led to the front windows. A slash of lightning broke the dimness and rain began to splatter against the window, growing heavier and faster.

"My car windows. They're down," Jud said, setting his glass on the table.

"Mine too," Gillian smiled and put her glass beside his, rings of moisture showing around them on the deep brown wood.

"I'll get yours too," he said and stood.

"No," she smiled, standing alongside him. "I'll race you. Last one in fixes the next round of drinks."

"I should be goin'," he fidgeted.

"You don't want to drive in this heavy a rain," she said.

"No, I guess not." He glanced toward the windows. We'd better get 'em closed if we're goin' to," he smiled awkwardly.

He moved to the door quickly and she was right behind him. They ran through the cooling pelter, pulling the car doors nearest them open. His windows up, Jud turned and slammed his door shut to see her heading for the steps. Relaxed from the sudden movement and the invigorating cool of the rain, he forgot his apprehensions, grinned and broke into a run, even though she was through the door.

Breathing heavily, he closed the door behind him, reducing the clatter of the rain to a steady drumming. Gillian was crouched down in front of the fireplace, striking a match. She touched it to the papers amongst the pile of limbs already there, and orange flames began to flicker, the paper turning black and curling in upon itself. She looked back over her shoulder at him with a smile, droplets of water glittering on the fall of her hair, reddened by the firelight.

"You lose, bartender," she said and stood. "Say, you really got soaked," she noted, looking at the clinging of his shirt that revealed

the dark spots of his nipples.

"Yeah, you too… Gillian," he said with a nod, seeing her skirt hold to her thighs, splotches of moisture sticking the cloth to her breasts to show a trace of flesh and the outline of her hard nipples.

"You'd better get your shirt and shoes off before you catch cold," she said.

The drone of the rain and the light chatter against the windows muffled clashes of thunder. Webbings of lightning cast a pale yellow glow through the windows that joined with the flicker of the fire, shadows shifting around them. He kicked off his shoes and began to unbutton his shirt, pulling it away from his skin. He looked up to see her standing in front of him with the towel that had held her hair.

He paused and then slid the shirt off. She started to say something, but did not She reached out and began to towel his chest dry, sliding the jade cloth over his stomach and around to his back. He wondered what he should do, as the cloth eased over his shoulders, his back to her. Then she was at his sides, holding his arms between her towel wrapped hands to slide them up and down. He felt his flesh warm from the friction of her movements and from his mounting desire. He wanted to grab her to him, but doubt nagged at him yet, and an awareness that this was a woman, a woman eight years his senior, a woman with a great deal more experience than Jennifer. Would he seem an unexperienced boy to her? Why was she doing this unless she wanted him? Yet…

Light and shadow flowed over the room behind her as she stepped back to look at him. Water slid down the window panes, lightning casting undulating rectangles of light.

"Th.. thanks," he muttered.

"Want to fix those drinks?" she said In a voice sensuous and caressing, her shadowed face against the light of the fire that haloed her hair with golden flame.

Jud nodded slowly and turned to the coffee table. She watched the muscles in his back shift beneath the tanned flesh as he bent to fix the drinks. The thumb and forefinger of her right hand touched and slid up over the bodice of her dress, a knowing smile on her lips.

Pouring the whiskey, Jud glanced down at his in-distinct reflexion in the dark wood of the table. He stood back, the two glasses in his hands, and turned.

The top two buttons of her dress opened to reveal the swell of her cleavage, Gillian. looked into Jud's eyes as he stood in place, the two glasses held out in front of him. Her fingers began to move again and his eyes fell to the pluck of her fingers at the buttons. The third button slid free, and the fourth. They lingered on the fifth which was just below her breasts which nestled in the loose cloth, the succulent inner

curves visible.

Jud was aware of the sounds of the rain, the thunder, the windows and the fire, but he only heard the soft click of the buttons. He felt the air he knew to be cool and the cold moistness of the glasses in his hands, but his flesh was hot.

Then the fifth button was released from its eyelet, the sixth, the seventh and the eighth. Her fingers held on the cloth belt that covered the ninth of twelve buttons.

He saw the brief illuminations of the yard beyond the window, the fall of the light through the glass, the swarm of firelight on the room around the fireplace, but only knew the V of revealed flesh, tan between blue borders.

The fingers slid the belt from the loop of the buckle. Jud wanted to put the glasses down, feeling them shift wetly against his palms. He also wanted to swallow, but he could not draw the focus of attention from the warm revelation of flesh to free the constriction of his throat. He saw the hand pull the belt back from the buckle, the metal tongue easing out of the hole, coming loose to leave the hold to Gillian's hand. Her hand eased back toward her abdomen, the fingers loosened and the belt slid loose to fall in a curve under her stomach, an inch of the stiff cloth still in the buckle.

His breath was tight and his lungs almost ached with it. Rivulets of water eased down the window panes, and the heat from the fire cast a haze on them till they were opaque. Her fingers touched the ninth button, brushed the belt free of the buckle, and opened the tenth. A wind thrashed the trees and a series of thunder claps moved away like the echo of one. With his eyes he drank in the succulent inner swells of her breasts, the firm length of her stomach, the deep cup of her navel, the delicate rise where her stomach met her abdomen, and a glimmer of auburn hairs above the eleventh button.

Gillian watched him, the intent look on his face, the sheen of moisture on his forehead, the tense muscles of his shoulders and arms, the out held glasses, the defined muscles of his stomach, and the firm outline of his sex against the cloth of his trousers. Though she kept her hand an inch from the last of the two remaining buttons, his eyes stayed upon them. She felt the warmth of her passion mix with the warmth of the whiskey and fire, but felt no urgency, no desire to hurry. There would be no interruptions, and she wanted to savor this rainy afternoon. Once he was within her it might be different, but for the moment she was enjoying the role of seductress.

Her thumbnail capped the rim of the button, and her forefinger pressed the cloth around and up. The button came free.

Jud stared at the soft ringlets of auburn. Then her hand moved back toward the twelfth button, lingered, and rose to slice it into the

opening of the dress. Then it slid upward, lazing over the supple warmth of her belly, the finger hidden by the cloth. They touched the bottom of her left breast and pressed up. The full globe shifted beneath the cloth, and the nudge of her nipple trailed over it. The fingers curved and slid up over the arch to slowly manipulate it.

Jud blinked nervously against the sweat that trickled down toward his eyes. His erection was a burning throb imprisoned by his pants, his mouth a dry husk. He watched the hands cup and shift the breast beneath the cloth and then slide outward, pulling the mound of flesh with it. Her breast was free of the cloth, but covered by her hand. He tried to swallow but found he could not. He wanted a drink badly, but her hand lingered on the succulent globe.

Then the fingers began to loosen and the breast eased back into its concealment. He saw glimmerings of tan and pink, and then her hand was out from her body and the breast behind the blue veil again. Her fingertips touched between her breasts and began to trial down the center of her belly. They touched the twelfth button and it was free, and most of the auburn thicket was exposed.

Casually this time, her hand reentered the opening and slid up past her breast to her shoulder, moving the cloth away. It lingered a moment and the dress slid over her shoulder to furl down her arm. She held her hand curved over shoulder, her wrist blocking the center of the exposed breasts. Slowly, she turned back toward the fire and the breast was away from his sight.

His eyes turned and followed her till she stopped before the fire. Her arms moved and the other shoulder was bare, the cloth draping down around her waist to hold a minute and then slide down till it was held only by the richness of her hips and the jut of her derriere, the top of the cheeks and the downed valley of the cleft visible.

Jud turned and bent slowly to set one glass on the table, the soft clink of the ice loud to his ears. He raised the other glass to his lips and took a large swallow, his eyes never leaving her. She was outlined in golds and oranges from the fire, her hair scarlet. The hands shifted again and the blue dress trembled for a second, and then spilled down around her ankles like a pool of water.

Jud rubbed his moist palm over the tightness of his stomach, basking in the revealed loveliness of her body against the firelight.

"Jud?" her voice whispered across to him.

"Yes," he finally asked, clearing his throat.

"Is my drink ready."

He nodded and then spoke. She did not move. He sucked his upper lip down between his teeth to nibble at it, and then picked her glass back up from the table. He started toward her, the carpeting soft beneath his feet, and she turned.

Stopping, Jud saw her face smiling upon him, saw the play of light upon her half turned body, colors and shadows flowing over the ripe mounds of her breasts and the hard nipples, over the firm swell of her stomach, up and down the length of her legs, glimmering in the russet coils of her loins. Jud moved forward.

He stopped a foot from her, on the point of exploding, and her hand slid her drink from his grasp. She took a lingering sip, her eyes meeting his over the rim, and her other hand touched the waistband of his pants. He felt as if his flesh was burning beneath the touch of fire. Her fingers turned and his belt was loose, another turn and the snap of the cords was free.

Their eyes locked, both were aware only of her fingernails drifting over his abdomen. Then there was a chirping as his zipper slid down to reveal the flattened curls of hair and the base of his shaft. Her fingertips touched the hardened press to curl around it, and slid downward to free it from the restraint of his slacks. The hard length of flesh arched up from his belly, hot and swollen. Her hand slid around to drift her fingers under it, brushing the fine hairs of his scrotum and trailing up the raised under vein.

Jud's mouth covered hers, his tongue swimming into the warm moistness. Her fingers locked around the rigid staff, and his hands clasped the swells of her buttocks. He felt her full breasts flatten against his chest, and their breath was hard and audible against the fire and storm.

Gillian slid loose and her hands lowered his slacks as she went to one knee. Holding onto the mantle above the fireplace, Jud balanced himself to lift first one foot and then the other free. She tossed the cords into the shadows.

Jud stood looking down at her, her body golden in front of the fire. The flaming wood became a roar in his ears, and he gripped her shoulders, bending her back and laying out atop her. Their mouths joined once again, and his hands moved to cover her breasts.

The lengths of their bodies flexed and shifted against one another as the flames licked in a blend of red and orange, their rhythm dancing upon their moving flesh. This isn't Jenny, Jud thought, but loving and beautiful as Jenny had been with him. Not Jenny, but as close as I can be.

Their mouths twisted and probed, and Gillian's hands, held Jud's hips down against hers, feeling the hard jab of his mast against her thigh. His hands worked her breasts, kneading them in his palms as his thumbs and forefingers caught at the soft aureoles and the nubs of the nipples. His eyes closed and it was Jennifer beneath him, and her eyes closed and she was seventeen again.

He could taste the blend of whiskey and cola within their mouths,

felt the pointed thrust of her tongue hack against his, felt her lips slide under the press of his over her teeth. She nibbled at his mouth, and arched her breasts up against his hold. The sides of their bodies toward the fire shimmered with the combination of its heat and the heat of their passion.

She felt his stomach roll against hers, and the corresponding press of his pelvis against hers. She reached down and the hardened tool was in her hand, and she rolled and squeezed it. So long and hard. He lifted up and she guided it toward her moist yearning, to slip it between her silken lips.

Her fingers were away and he worked up into her, and she bit into his lip as he went in to the hilt. Her hands curled in his hair, and his hips were rising and falling against hers.

The thunder rumbled through the afternoon and the lightning flashed, but neither of them was aware of it. There was only the joy of flesh. Flesh that dove into her cunt and flesh that gripped and held his nether arm as it dove. Breasts that yielded to the play of his hands, and nipples that burned beneath kisses and teeth. Buttocks that tightened with the piston action of their loins.

Jud rolled over, feeling as if his side was blistering from the fire, and Gillian moaned with the shifting of his shaft within her. He rolled again and came back up on top of her and she cried out as he thrust deep. His mouth took one of the yearning nipples into his mouth and he bordered it with the light press of his teeth. Gillian's stomach bunched as he sucked in, and her breast pressed out against the edges of his teeth. He felt her breast contour to the pressure, and he sucked in to pull the whole of the blossom into his mouth, 'his teeth pressing in toward one another. Gillian moaned, feeling her nipple and breast being separated and her eyes shimmered with pain that he did not know he was causing. Yet, she did not cry out or move away. She took the pain as some payment for her indiscretion as long as she could. Then she cried out, and Jud released the softness. The beat of his prod became a staccato drumming and Gillian squirmed beneath him, ecstasy washing over her.

Jud opened his eyes, and in the shifting half light of the room it was Jennifer beneath him, Jennifer moaning and clutching at his manhood In the corolla of her chalice. It was Jennifer beneath him whom he loved and who loved him. And he raised up on his arms and dove down into her, thrusting the back of his shaft along the kernal of her passion, pressing the head against her womb, and returning along the same route.

He slid his knees up and moved his hands under the tightened softness of her flanks, working his fingers in the juncture of the cheeks and the backs of her thighs. She bucked up against him, driving him

fully in, and he began to revolve his hips, rolling the base of his tool along the rim of her moist cove.

Her lips pulled open with a gasp and tears sparkled in her eyelashes. She thrust and squirmed against the reel of her senses beneath his fingers and prod. A climax slammed into her and lifted her upon its crest, and her cry was so high that neither heard it against the storm and fire. And she twitched loose of it, her mind tumbling down. Yet, Jud kept plowing in and she quivered, held in the undertow.

It was Jennifer who he loved, that he now spun spirals of lust for, but it was also the Jennifer who had hurt him that he drove down into with an angered lust He pushed his knees under her buttocks and clasped her knees, all the while driving down in the misted slides. Sensation mounted and blossomed from his loins but he locked his muscles against it. He leaned back, sliding his hands down her thighs to pull her against his thrust, and her torso rolled from side to side, her hands clutching at the pile of the carpet.

Lightning flashed nearby and pale yellow glowed on the two figures in the dimness of the room. Jud pushed up off his knees, pulling her hips from the floor by his grip on her legs. Standing on legs bent at the knee, he held her body up from the carpet, the weight on her shoulders.

Gillian's head whipped back and forth, her hair splashing over her face unnoticed as his ramrod drove down into her up tilted nook. It kept coming and she was swirling again, her thighs quaking with the blaze of eruption. She was unaware of the weight upon her shoulders. Suddenly, Jud leaned forward, bending her thighs toward her body, and he dropped full into her opened passage.

Gillian cried out, and the sound blended with the thunder as Jud spasmed up and down, his loins twitching. Then he came, his body bowing back at the engulfing quakes that slashed up from their union. He groaned and his face mirrored the cauldron that he flayed within, that suddenly dropped him back to sanity.

They tumbled away from one another, gasping. Their breaths finally eased and they lay staring at the patterns of light at play upon the ceiling. There was no emotional union to draw their tired, satiated flesh together, and they finally fell asleep.

The thunder and lightning died away by five, and the rain slacked to a steady drumming. The logs in the fireplace broke and the fire went out, leaving the two nude figures in near darkness.

Chapter 6

The storm had played itself out and the clouds began to break up to reveal the crimson stain of the setting sun. The air was refreshing and Jud's eyes opened. For a second he tried to place the ceiling that greeted his eyes, and then remembered where he was. Sluggishly, he raised himself to a sitting position, supporting an arm and his head upon one upraised knee.

He looked across at the still sleeping Gillian. As he saw the auburn pillow of hair about her head, the tan nipples and the russet thatch between her thighs, he slowly realized that it was not Jennifer, but his teacher. How strange, he thought. A beautiful, intelligent woman seducing him. And she had seduced him, he puzzled with amusement. Strange, but overpoweringly enjoyable. He felt renewed, confident once again in his masculinity, that he now realized had seemed threatened.

He turned his face toward the windows. Light shone on the pearls of water that clung to the glass, and to the leaves of the trees outside. The soft radiance made it seem more like dawn than dusk.

Jud looked down at his hardened organ, realizing that he had to urinate, and saw the pale paste of his dried spendings, like peeling paint along his shaft and like candle drippings in his pubic hair. He sighed and stood, looking around to walk toward the stairs. He turned at a moan from Gillian and saw her stretch in her sleep, the movement pulling her body back in an arch that stretched her breasts and belly, and raised the front of her thighs. The faint light highlighted the rises of her flesh, the rest blending in with the beige carpet. It was as if she were slowly being born out of the floor.

He moved up the stairs and looked around, trying to decide which door would lead him to a bathroom. With no clue, he reached out for the door knob nearest and pushed the door open. He stood looking into Gillian's bedroom.

He almost closed the door back, feeling that their brief afternoon of purely sexual love did not entitle him to invade her privacy. But curiosity caught him and he did need to use the bathroom. He stepped forward.

A dresser, a makeup table, a book shelf, a double bed, a wooden chest, a padded chair, and open door into the bathroom greeted his view. He moved around the room and stopped in front of the makeup table. A brush, comb, powder, cans of spray deodorant and hair spray, an open box filled with rings, earrings and bracelets, and an assortment of cosmetics covered the surface. Stuck into the frame of the mirror was a picture of a man, Alex, tall and blond who might

have been Jud's older brother.

He looked up from the objects to see his body reflected from chest to midthigh in the mirror. He noted the thrust of his shaft and the double bed behind him. He turned and looked at it. A silver blouse and black skirt lay with patterned bra and panties upon the Prussian blue bedspread.

Jud gingerly picked up the blouse, rubbing his thumb against the smooth texture. He dropped it and reached for the panties, his hand faltered, and he picked up the bra. He looked at it inquiringly and sat on the edge of the bed. He raised it to his face and smelled the blend of her perfume and her own fragrance within the soft cups of lace.

He closed his eyes and the scents eased him back several hours to the living room below. He took a deep breath and let the bra drop to the bed. He stood and went into the bathroom.

Flushing the toilet, he shook the last droplets from his softening member and turned to see Gillian standing dream eyed in the doorway. She brushed her mussed hair away from her face, her body a golden glow in the sunset light spilling through the window behind her.

"What'cha doin'," she mumbled sleepily.

"Looking for the bathroom," he answered with an embarrassed smile.

"Oh" she nodded. "Pretty obvious, I guess," she smiled, stretching her arms back with a small yawn. "My turn," she grinned, more awake.

He sat on the bed, laying back. After a minute the plumbing hummed again and she came out. She picked up her brush and, sitting back on the table, looked at him as she brushed out her hair.

"How're you feeling?"

"Fine," he shrugged, not knowing what to say.

"Me too," she smiled and dropped the brush behind her. "You want something to eat?"

He shook his head and she moved closer to him. She stopped between his spread knees. He looked up at her, surprised that he felt no embarrassment at his nudity. Flattening her hands beside his hips, she leaned forward to lay her body along his, and kissed him deeply.

He moved his tongue against hers, his arms sliding under hers so that he could cup her buttocks. Somehow, it seemed that he should feel guilty. He did not, but it seemed he should, though he could think of no valid reason why. Was he being unfaithful to Jennifer, he suddenly wondered. No, regardless of his love for her and his hope that it should be renewed, his desire for Gillian was different and without conflict for him. His hand closed around her breast and he drew her down beside him on the bed.

The ringlets of her auburn triangle nuzzled around the upper length of his sex and, in a moment, it began to harden against the moist warmth of her hillock. Her palms slid over the firmness of his back, and he massaged one saucy buttock, his other hand buried in the fall of hair at the nape of her neck, his knuckles sliding over the downed flesh as he clasped the hair above. She snuggled closer, and she felt his erect member nudging against her slit.

He buried his tongue in her ear, holding her head to his face while he worked the firm roundness of her flank down toward the apex of her thighs with his other hand. She thrust her loins against his prod, which was angled down between their embracing bodies seeking to rise upward.

He dug his knee into the bedding, and with his hold on her neck and derriere moved her full onto the bed with him. There was a roughness in his manner that surprised him even as he swung up into her dewey pit. Even though he knew it was illogical, he still felt that there was something wrong in what he was doing. Finding himself faltering, he decided that she would complain if she did not like his treatment of her. What it was, though, was his frustration over the injustice of life.

After a few strokes he felt his prod push back on itself as he plunged, and hold as he pulled back. He was losing his erection and he looked to Gillian's face. Her eyes flickered open as she came to a halt.

"What's the matter?" she whispered.

"I, uh…" he blushed nervously.

"I know about that, baby," she smiled tenderly. "I meant do you know why?"

"No," he mumbled.

"Don't get upset about it. Happens to every guy at times. Doesn't mean anything," and she was sliding out from under him, easing him over onto his side. "Gillian'll fix you up."

Her lips fluttered over his face, softened against his ears and slid her tongue down in. The warm response slid his eyes shut and his thoughts away. Her hands skimmed over his chest, touching the nipples and curling in the blond hair, and coasted down over the muscles of his stomach to skim her fingernails lightly over the flesh. He tried to move her mouth to his, but it was easing down after her hand, following it down the length of his body to where it brushed over his still soft tool and over the cloud of fine hairs covering his scrotum. Her tongue slid the length of the softened flesh, and she gripped it lightly in her teeth, lifting it to work it into her mouth with a flip of her tongue.

Jud sighed low as she held the whole of his prick in her mouth,

shifting it around in the soft moistness, her tongue curving around it. She began to suck, her fingers playing against the weight of his root beneath the sac. He pressed his head back into the mattress, delicious chills rippling up through his body to make him smile with the pleasure of her attentions.

The thoughts of guilt and anger fell away under the soft sweeping of her mouth, and he felt his prod begin to harden again. As it lengthened, Gillian let more and more of it slide out between her lips till she held the lavender poppy of the head in a circle of her lips. She drilled her tongue against the mouth and around the velvet softness, feeling him roll his head toward the curve of her belly and thighs. The longish hair drifted over her hips and thighs, and she felt his breath hot against her flesh.

His mouth touched the slope between the top of her thigh and her belly, opening to suck softly at the firm flesh, his tongue pressing a momentary furrow. Her lips sucked harder at the bulb as she felt the sopping kisses move down the valley of flesh to touch the amber coils. His tongue brushed over it and caught the top of the crevice. She pulled her hips back and pressed her loins forward as his tongue trailed down into the moist valley.

Jud felt the delicate musk of her nook feather his nostrils, and he curved his tongue up, pulling the foreskin from the gleaming pearl eye that lifted up, shimmering. He shifted his mouth and caught the node between his lips, and began to gently suck it in and out, flexing against the surrounding flesh.

She rubbed her teeth against his shaft just below the head as her tongue spun around the swollen bulb. She felt his hands glide over her buttocks, the invisible down rustling under the breeze like touch of his palms and fingers, and slowly they sank against the globes, cutting them to press her dewey fizzure against his mouth. His jaw shifted as he tempered the kernel of hypersensitive flesh, and she felt his chin pressing as if to enter her passage. She let her body stretch with each inhaling of air, and relax with each exhaling, trembling sheets of heat churning up from her split pelt. She sucked in more of his rod and felt the focal point of his attentions blazing.

Her shoulders bunched and her head jabbed against the throbbing totem pole. Higher. Her face lined with the intensity of his concentration on her cut. Higher. Perspiration gleamed between her shoulder blades and in the palms of her hands that clasped his hips. Higher yet. Her leg muscles tightened and her legs curved back as if in a dive. Higher and higher still. Her fingers dug into his hips, and her teeth clipped at the hard staff, and she sucked the head harder, sliding her mouth up and down to take as much of him in as she could, feeling the thin sleeve of flesh slide over the turgid weight beneath.

Higher and… there! Her mouth pulled wide with a gasp, and her body bent back uncontrollably.

Jud felt her loins twist against his grip, and his head was whipped back and forth with her hips. He almost lost his hold on the tiny lift of her flesh, but he tightened his hands and kept his face pressed against the misty yield. Her body turned at the waist, and her arms flung wide to grab the bedding, to hold her braced. Her stomach contracted in spasms and then tightened as hard as it could, vibrating with the seizure of her climax. Her turned torso lifted up as her shoulder muscles bunched, and she raised up from the bed screaming, "Jesus!" in a long, ragged tear of breath.

The release dropped her like a tumble of leaves shaken from a tree, all her muscles relaxed, her breath short and fast. Jud looked up at her flushed face, her eyes blinking, her open lips quivering with her breath. He looked down to see the jut of his flesh straining out from him, and he was glad that she bad Dot been able to finish her mouthings. He wanted to finish it himself, to move her up to the next step.

He raised himself up catlike, and eased back to sit with his legs under him. He smiled down at her and she looked at him with a weak smile, her vision blurred.

"Who fixed who up?" she asked in a husky whisper. He grinned at her a moment longer, and she looked at him with a trace of confusion. Then he dropped forward, his still hard column of flesh pressing against her furred envelope, and his fingers shifted the flesh away to let him slide it up into her. Gillian moaned, her nerve endings still tingling from his oral workout on her clitoris. His body began to shift against her mooring, moonlight giving a glow to the room, their bodies pale shadows blurred against the dark.

Feeling physically renewed and invigorated, Jud raised his body as in a pushup. Then his loins began to undulate a flowing rise and fall from knees to shoulders. Gillian started to protest, but he rose and fell with tender precision, angling down along the already inflamed nib of her passion.

Held down only by insertions of his sensual vector, Gillian writhed and twisted below him, her shoulders pressing back into the bedding, her hands flowing up to caress him, her heels digging into the bed, her body moving left to right, her hands clawing the sheets, her back arching up, her buttocks lifting, her weight on her shoulders and the heels of her feet The two bows of their bodies met at their loins, rubbing, pushing, rolling.

"Oh lord, you bastard!" Gillian moaned, her face contorted with the hard, driving rise of pleasure.

"Yeah," Jud grinned through clinched teeth, his eyes squinted

with the screaming spirals that flowed from his in bedded tool. The spirals moved faster, ripples from the drop of his stone in her pool. Faster and harder. Faster and they merged till it was a constant wave erupting, trembling his thighs, bringing sweat to his forehead. His eyes squinched shut, the muscles of his arms and back stood out in relief, he gasped for air, weavings of light flickered before his closed eyes, and he tensed his arms to pick up the tempo of his pumping.

Gillian cried out with release as he moved faster and faster, flashing down and up, sliding through the slippery tunnel Then his brain was afire and he lost his coordination, his movements becoming jabs. He yelled, but there was no air and it became a strained groan. His body tremored and spasmed, and he bucked down to flatten her buttocks against the bed. his arms going out from under him, he pressed his forehead down against the hollow of her neck, his jaws wide, and then it was over, and he went limp. Their breathing was ragged, their wet bodies laying exhausted, their eyes shut from the lack of strength and incentive to open them.

Winslow Bass looked at Jennifer's bedroom windows dark for the second night in a row. He was afraid for her, afraid she might have run away or done something foolish. Yet surely her parents, both of whom where at home, would be showing some concern if they did not know where she was. Still, he wished he could help her, wished he knew if she was all right. Well, Winslow, he told himself, you ain't her daddy, so let it go at hoping. It did not really help, but he turned from the window to take a sip of his drink.

she began to stir. He sat beside her on the bed and revolved the center of his palm against the top of one nipple. She stretched languidly and her eyes opened on his smile. She smiled back, sitting up to embrace him. Her lips fluttered and sang at his, and her tongue darted in, her hands holding his back. Winslow set his drink on the floor, and they rolled over into happy moans.

Debra lay sprawled on the bed, the sheets twisted around her spread feet. They had spent a joyous night without television or visitors. Just the two of them in bed, feasting on one another's bodies.

He had awakened a half an hour before, and now she began to stir. He sat beside her on the bed and revolved the center of his palm against the top of one nipple. She stretched languidly and her eyes opened on his smile. She smiled back, sitting up to embrace him. Her lips fluttered and sang at his, and her tongue darted in, her hands holding his back. Winslow set his drink on the floor, and they rolled over into happy moans.

Chapter 7

Jennifer had spent Saturday laying in the sun, swimming, and listening to music. It amazed her how much telling Deena her troubles had relieved her. The rain had passed and the air was cool under a bright sun and clear sky. There being some chance of someone seeing them on the weekend, they wore their bikinis when swimming.

Late in the afternoon, Jennifer pulled herself up onto the house boat. Sliding some of the water from her hair, she looked out at Deena. She was floating on an air mattress, face down. She had untied her top and only a strip of amber cloth broke the tan length of her body. The paler flesh of her breasts eased out to either side of her against the mattress. Her ebony hair was tied back, and her sleeping face was gentle.

The sun drying the moisture from her body, Jennifer stretched, the supple flesh tightening and flexing. She wore an orange knit bikini which, though small, covered the succulent cupolas of her breasts, the erotic mound of her loins, her trim hips, and the saucy fillip of her derriere. Yet, the knit had widened from the water and the fullness of her body, tan flesh peeking from between each strand as well as pink pillow nipples, fore and aft cleavage, and her copper nest.

She leaned back against the door frame, her feet out before her, and bowed her head to feel the wet ribbons of her hair spill over her shoulders and the tops of her breasts. How fantastic that she could come back from that dark pit, feeling free and renewed. Would things be different with Jud now? With any man? No, the thought of being touched still chilled her, she found. She lifted her head back against the wood, her eyes on the blue sky. An image of blunt Upped fingers, hair on the back of the hand, coming toward her had suddenly flashed in her mind.

No, she was out of the pit of despair, but she was not home free.

She straightened, glancing at the sleeping Deena, and went into the house boat. She should brush her hair out, she told herself, but she felt fatigued. Reaching behind her, she plucked the strings of her top free and tossed it onto the table. The air brought goose bumps to the water softened breasts, tightening her flesh and tingling the cold crinkle of her nipples.

Hesitantly, she glanced out the glass door at Deena, and then moved to the full length mirror against one wall. Had it only been a week since she had stood before her own mirror? Cold-flecked brown eyes still looked out between heavy lashes above high cheek bones, the nose still dropped gracefully. The lush lips, the pink nipples with their mushroom caps, and the breasts were the same, though the

breasts had tanned in the last two days. Her belly's contour was perhaps firmer from loss of appetite and swimming, the navel still deep, and yet…?

Yet, she knew that something else was different, something beyond these superficial changes. It was her eyes, she realized. They were not hardened, but… dimmed and, perhaps, with a distrusting searching added to them. And the set of her mouth seemed to indicate less of a readiness to smile.

It was true. She now felt a little fearful of speaking lest some conflict arise, a bit afraid of what thoughts lurked behind people's eyes and, thus, a bit afraid of looking into another's eyes for very long. And to smile? Where was the impulse to suddenly run and jump and laugh for no other reason than it felt good?

Turning from the mirror, she slid the knit panties off her hips, her buttocks tightening with a chill, her honey haloed hive still moist. She dropped the bottoms alongside the top, and tumbled onto her back on the bed. Her thoughts had brought a vague sadness, and lonely, little girl feeling. She twined one leg in the sheets, the heel of her other foot resting on the floor next to the bed, and looked up at the ceiling, happy to feel sleep coming so easily.

Jud had returned home Friday night with no questions asked. The tightness that had nagged his shoulder and neck muscles was gone, and Saturday morning he caught up on his studies, leaving government for the afternoon when he was to return to Gillian's.

Gillian's apprehensions and doubts had fled. Jud would not go about bragging, and he was an exquisite lay. She smiled just thinking of the pleasure. Both were aware that their's was not a romance, but that they were sharing a sexual friendship and trust. As well, her rented house was far from the school, and none of her neighbors knew her or her profession. Nor did they show any interest in her private affairs. It would now be much easier waiting for Alex's decision with the promise of an optimistic summer ahead.

Yet, when Jud arrived Saturday afternoon, awkward silences seemed to arise. They shared drinks and watched television in silence on the couch both of them suddenly unsure of themselves. Jud did not want to risk being overbearing, realizing his great fortune, and Gillian did not want to start things two times in a row.

Uneasily, Jud decided that they could not just sit there all day looking at the TV broken with feeble bits of conversation. Setting his drink down, he turned to her. She smiled and set her glass down. He leaned forward a bit clumsily and kissed her. Gillian's mind began to race.

Um, yes. Your hand is so firm I can feel the muscles and tendons flexing through my breast as you cup it. Move your tongue deeper so I

can suck it. I can feel the warm breath from your nostrils against my cheek, the press of your upper thigh. Oh, don't wait any longer.

I know you don't want to scare me off, but I'm not like that. There, yes. Yes, slide the button free of its eyelet. Slide them all free. I feel the air on my belly and chest. Unfasten the bra, strip me naked. Now, now, now.

Your eyes are so pleased at the curling of my fingers. It's so hot even through your pants, so hard. Drive it up me, plunge. Come on, baby, come on, I'm dying. Flick, flick and your belt's loose, and now your zipper's down. If I get that thing out, maybe you'll move faster, huh? Wow, so hot! Throbbing my hand full. Don't go off yet, hold It down, sweetheart. I want that in me; got the pill so we got no worries.

Finally! Okay, slide the bra and blouse off. I want to feel your flesh against mine. That's it. I want to rip your shirt open, not unbutton It. Would that piss you off, or would you dig it? Let's… see! Jeez, that expression. Scared the shit outta you didn't I? Well, now you ought to know you don't have to be tame. Have to sew the buttons back… later. Um, that feels good, your chest rubbing over my tits. My nipples feel like they're on fire, burning right off. God, I'm sopping wet and you haven't even touched me there yet. Suck away. Ah, your teeth are… so… sharp, so nice, oh yeah, right on the edge of hurting.

One button, two, slide the zip per and the skirt's off. Click, click, click, click, and the garter belt's gone. Slide them stockings downnnnn. Downnnnnnnnnn. Now the panties. That's all between you and me soon as you get your pants off. Hand sliding down inside cupping my fanny, catching the center base and.. working me. Stop teasing me, you bastard! Oh yeah, and around, pushing the nylon off my hips. I want to jam you right up me.

Arh, center finger curling and shifting and moving and sinking and… cut. Circle, gentle, circle, gentle. Cod I'm pulsing. Circle, gentle. Coming throb. Circle gentle, and mouth sucking nipple. Stomach tightening, moan, eyes can't stay open, and it's hot, and, oh yes, and I… blindness!

Whew, yes indeed. Ooh, swimming free, just so easy, clean breeze. Panties are gone, didn't even notice, and your pants too.

"Come on, darling. Now. I'm ready."

I'm whispering it with my tongue In your ear, do you hear? Yes, you hear but you're not listening are you? Your tongue's sliding down over my belly, cutting, slicing, soothing, and I feel your chin against my hair, feel your mouth against it, feel your mouth against the opening, your tongue sliding down like a zipper, and up searching, and there. There! There circling my clit, sucking it, sucking, oh so fine, oh so.

Yes, well ninety degree turn and sixty-nine, and our bodies are pressing, and your face is burrowing up between my thighs and your hands are working my ass, and there's your cock so nice with Its light purple poppy bulb, and those little red and blue veins against the stretched flesh. Ease my fingers over the fine hairs of your sac, and cup those sperm eggs, rolling 'em in my palm, sucking in the velvet soft flesh bulb, and oh your tongue is driving me insane. Ease my teeth over that purple bloom, and tongue those little lips, and how does it feel, muff driver? 'Cause this little cock-sucker's loving It, feeling your wet face sloshing, splashing, diving for that pearl, plucking it, sucking it.

Oh, I wish I could take all of you in my mouth, but just down past that brown band, chewing.

Does it hurt good or does it hurt bad? We're both moaning so, I can't tell.

Oh, Its broiling in me, sweeping through my flesh like a flash fire, burning. Oh, it's rocking me, can't tell how hard I'm biting, want to chew it off. So good I'm crazy with it. How many hours has it been? Oh yes, shoot in my mouth, I can wait, come on, come on, come on, flashing Infinity, bodies pressed so hard we're one.

I feel your loins spasm, feel your mouth widen, feel your nails dig into my fanny, feel mine in the flesh of your thighs, feel your stomach muscles jerk against my breasts, feel myself spinning, feel, feel, feel so, feel so, feel soooo good, so good, yes, good exploding, erupting, white lava spewing into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat, your joint jerking against my cruel teeth, my pit pumping ecstasy, we're there, we ye come, came, I'm coming again, a minute more even though you've shot your wad, just a few seconds, please I'm coming again, I can feel it, be good, oh, yes, oh yes, just, just' your tongue, yes, trembling with it, you can't miss It, gotta know, you do know, yes, sucking all of it from you, screaming, bucking, ripped to atoms, I… screaming with freedom.

Oh, sweet exhaustion, sweet release, our flesh a tan tangle of exquisite softness, drawing my lips to taste dreams. So good, lover man, so fine. And 1 wonder what your name is. I'm so fucked.

Abe, Ben, Charlie, David, Edgar, Frank, George, Herb, Ignatz? lgnatz? Yes, a giggle, how nice, I've never known an Ignatz, or an Ichabod. But you're no headless horseman. You're a stallion. A bucking racing stallion, a stud bred for fucking, Jud darling.

The head of your prick hangs on my lower teeth, soft and drooping. How long till it comes alive again? How long before you can melt my flesh again, before you can pull me from this world, this planet, this existence? Be my rocket, flashing me into space.

"Cigarette?" and your voice is low and satisfied.

"Yes, please," and your prod slides to the top of my left breast.

Such a cliche, such a truth, so relaxing to loll the smoke through as mind and flesh resettle. No effort, and the air conditioner is cool against the moistness of my thighs and snatch.

And we smiled, knowing. So few words needed. Shall we ever talk? I hope not. 1 wish we were mute. Our flesh talks, it screams, it sings, it coos, It sighs, it hums.

My nipples are still hard, standing up like thumbs, hitching for another ride. Do you like my breasts, the soft tan against the darker tan? I always cover my nipples with heavy cream so that they won't darken and harden, won't dry out. But I let the sun lighten my pubic hair, let it bleach It a strawberry blonde from auburn. The benefits of a sundeck.

The cigarettes are gone, up in smoke. Are you ready again? l'm happy, but I can be happier. Are you happy? I know I can make you happier.

Yes, on our sides, your cock is raising its head. Cockle-doodle-do me. Goodbye, sweet cock. I'm turning to let you meet my quiver for your burning arrows. Hello, baby, kiss you thank you. Can you taste your sperm? I can taste my secret secretions.

Do you mind if I guide you in as you suck my tongue? Oh, you're so big, filling me, ooh, sliding in like you're being squeezed out of a giant tube of… toothpaste? Giggle. Sliding in slowly, the whole length sliding against my clit, up and over, I can feel your head pressing against me. Will it hurt? Sometimes it does. Big breasts sag, and big pricks hurt sometimes. Prices paid. Mine don't sag. Really the best size, thirty-five B. Hope you like 'em. Yes, I feel you throbbing in me. Can you feel me chewing you? Gonna eat you up. Gonna leave you dry before we're through. Gonna feed on your wonderful, bitter milk.

You look so handsome up there above me, your face smiling down. You really dig it, don't you? You really like lifting yourself till you're just hanging in there and then… dropping to slide it up me. Ah, it doesn't hurt. Well, maybe a bit but that's nice sometimes.

In and out slow, building me, your stomach flexing with the deliberateness of it. You've got your rocks off and you're in no hurry, are you? Pay me back for the other day. A little bit faster, but I can't be sure. A guitar for you to play rhythms on. I'm a good lay, but it's to be the guitar not the guitarist. I like being under you, seeing you block out the ceiling, feeling the weight of you, responding. Exhaling to your inhaling.

It is getting faster, whipping down over the clit, slowly building. Never get tired of it. Like a junkie, not a nympho never being satisfied. Shoot me up. Why do people use needles and make themselves sick, make themselves criminals, make themselves

dependent, want to do it to themselves?

Don't dig pain, don't dig desperation, don't dig masturbation that much. Dig being fucked, dig fucking. Gonna ball you allllllll night long. All night, all night, all night, at… night… longgggggggg. And you are, sweet one. So long.

Balling me fine, can feel the flap of your balls spanking my ass me as you come in. Your mouth on mine, your hips still pumping, easing, building, jabbing, soothing, roiling. Nibble your lips, and feed you my tongue, fingers catching the inside tops of your thighs by your racing machine. Yes, I can tell that you like that. I'm no guitar to you, am I? An electric flesh organ with a thousand keys instead of six strings, sliding those pipes.

Fast in, fast out, In out, in out, inside outside, you've got me on the edge, teetering to tumble, tottering on the verge, I can feel you like a flame burning down the length of your fuse to explode the dynamite stick packed into my cunt, to rip the mountain of my body apart. Oh, almost over, like a tightrope walker, precarious pleasure, and slower, steadying me, easing me away, still nice but not away. Please. Don't let me down. Oh, that's right, faster again, moving me back toward the cliff. Shove me over, set me spinning down into those crashing waves; I can hear the wind whistling.

Slowing… down… again, like a record with the power turned offfff. Can't you hear me moaning? Can't you feel me pulling? Can't you see? Can it be? Oh, baby baby baby baby baby baby, please please. Oh, you're movin' up again, sliding, rollin' and atumblin', moving me on out. Yes yes, racing me this time, speeding me toward the brink, and its even wider this time, it's the edge of the world; Columbus, you were wrong. Out, off the edge, free. Something, somebody grabbing out to pull me back. Don't!

You're not saving me, I'm escaping! I'm crying, can't you hear me crying? Go and come, night and day, rhythm rise and fall, high note, low note, walking long and lean, sliding up and down, heel to ball to toe, hands bark and forth, shoulders shifting, wounds seal and heal, energy flow, energy build, energy heal, up off boredom, down from clouds, in from the cold, out from the pits, in out, up down, to and fro, come and go, rise and shine, shine and reflect, energy ricochets, input output, put out not on, not in to hide, not to rot away, feed, flow, to, fro, breathing in out, screwing in out, out in front, ping pang songs, eyes that see, ears that hear, words of truth, white, black, red, brown, yellow, he, she, young, old, you, me, him, her, rainbows reign, the sky bathes the sea, the sun kisses the moon, fly high, I fly, high, sigh, scream it seems, and, oh god, I'm being sucked back up, pulled away, no, no, No! Not again!

And I'm breathing, and I'm panting, and my lungs are screaming,

and my heart is banging, and I'm wet with sweat. Have mercy on this child. Oh, you're a sadist with tenderness. Could whips and fire be more of a torture than this in and out, pumping me with your tool, sucking me back to sheets and mattress ceiling? What am I saying? I can't even make out my own words. Is all this out loud… and… you… heard.

Little faster, little, little more, little more, more, more, more, ah, yes, ah, yes, ah, yes, the ceilings gone, the walls are falling, the bed's gone, moving, moving, movin', movin', so fast I'm the movement, we're the movement, where does my flesh begin, where does yours end? I can feel you pulsing with me, feel us like spewing sperm ripping free, up, up, up, going, going, going, going, gone, gone, gone, you can't pull me back this time, the flames are too hot, sensation, I am my body, we are together, rushing flow Into me out of me, flesh flowing, drifting, easing, washing in on the tide, lazing, oh, yes, oh yes. Yes! Yes! Oh, sweet heaven, yesl Yes! Yes! Yes! Yesssssssss Ahhhhhhhhhh.

And Gillian's cry broke from the confines of thought through her lips, and she went limp for a moment, and then hugged Jud to her wildly. They rolled over laughing at their shared skills.

The window looked as if it was ablaze, the ocean sunset burning at the drapes over the sliding door. How long have I been asleep, Deena wondered. She had stirred herself and swum in with the air mattress soon after Jennifer left the water, having had enough sun. Inside, she had looked at Jennifer's loosely sprawled body, a honey sweetness upon the sheets. Smiling, she had then laid down beside her, asleep almost immediately.

She glanced over at the still sleeping Jennifer. Her face was tight with emotion, and she moaned; her forehead lined with anxiety. Supporting herself on one elbow, Deena caressed Jennifer's temple with the backs of her fingers in an effort to sooth her from whatever nightmare she might be having. And it was not difficult for Deena to guess what the subject of it might be.

Jennifer sat bolt upright with a cry of alarm, her eyes wide. Deena sat up alongside her and put her arm around her. Jennifer jerked fearfully, her eyes staring at Deena without recognition.

"It's okay, Jenny. It's okay," she assured her. It's me… Deena."

Deena," she faltered. "Oh, Deena," she sobbed, and embraced her. "I dreamt I was… on the beach, and…"

"I know, Jen. I know, but it's over now. It's okay, baby," Deena soothed, holding her face against Jennifer's head, feeling the tears spill upon her own breast.

"It'll never be over for me. I know it, Deena. I know," Jennifer whimpered helplessly.

"No, Jen. No," Deena said, lifting Jennifer's face, her fingers curling under her chin. "That was then and it was terrible, but you can't let it keep you."

The sun haloing her hair, tears staining her cheeks, Jennifer looked at Deena with hopeful eyes. Then she began to cry again, but softly, her shoulders tremoring.

"Jenny, Jenny," Deena said, pressing her face alongside Jennifer's, wishing she could do more. "It'll be okay," she said, her lips brushing Jennifer's cheek as they moved. "You're safe now," she whispered, raising her face, her lips fluttering against the tear moistened flesh as she spoke.

Their eyes were level, and her lips were beside Jennifer's. "Safe," she whispered, and the corners of their mouths brushed. "So fine." And she was not aware of speaking, but only of the caress of their lips.

Aware only of refuge from her nightmare, of the one person she now felt close to, Jennifer looked into the blue eyes that held only love and warmth. She felt Deena's lips move even with hers, and heard the faint, consoling whisper. Her lips parted slightly against the soft movement, and her eyelids lowered. The face against her was soft, without any roughness of a beard, the lips were full and tender, and the tongue that eased the part of her lips wider, and brushed against her teeth was slender and softly textured. Her teeth separated as if of their own will, and the tongue flowed into her mouth, brushing over hers and around it. Her own tongue responded and the two entwined in the dewey cavern, and she pressed her own forward between her teeth and it was in Deena's mouth.

Deena tasted the crying in Jennifer's mouth but didn't care, and inhaled deeply as she felt Jennifer's tongue respond to hers and return. She sucked softly at it, and felt their breasts flatten against one another. Her one hand sifted the gold of Jennifer's hair and the other caressed the yielding firmness of her back and its sweep down to her waist.

Their breathing grew heavier, and the girl with the black hair and the girl with the golden hair eased back against the pale sheets, the room shimmering with a rose tint from the sunset outside.

ennifer felt Deena's body – shift against hers, and then slender fingers flowed over her breasts, a breeze stroking the resilient orbs; the other fingers grazing the nape of her neck. She reached up and stroked the face against hers, one hand trailing down the slender throat to find the full globe of a breast, the tight nipple with a few downy hairs about it. So warm and full, she thought. So soft, all soft firmness, gentle and soft. She filled her hand with the breast, their lips turning and flexing together, their tongues dancing back and forth. The breast was so nice to hold. The breast was so nice. The breast She

drew back suddenly, her eyes opening. Shaken, she stared up at Deena whose eyes opened with confusion, her hand dropping away from Jennifer's breast.

"Deena, I… "she broke off in heated trepidation. "We can't… do this."

"I'm sorry, Jen, I… " Deena said, uncertain.

"You're not… a…?" Jennifer asked, not wanting to hurt Deena.

"A Lesbian?"

Jennifer nodded.

"No. Occasionally I've met another woman who… who's been attractive to me as a person, as a friend, and sexually… just as I've met some men. But there's never been a… natural opportunity for anything more."

"Anything like this?" Jennifer finished for her.

"Yeah," Deena nodded. "When we started seeing less of each other I… I was aware that you effected me like that. That I loved you," Deena said softly, looking down. "But I knew you didn't… Well, I didn't want to ruin what we had. I mean, you know, I'm not talking about living together. I like men and I need their differences to balance me out." She looked up. "Does that make sense, Jen? 'Cause I don't want to hurt you. I mean, the last two nights rye slept with you and wanted… wanted to make love to you. But I didn't."

Jennifer nodded, feeling Deena's struggle for the words.

"And tonight… well, tonight it just happened. I wasn't thinking about it, or about even doing it again much less as a regular relationship. Do… do you want me to take you back into town? I mean, I'd understand if… "she trailed off, looking down again and biting into her lower lip.

Jennifer looked at her for a moment, and then reached up to touch the side of her face. "I'm not mad or anything, Deena. It just took me by surprise. I just never thought about… about us like this," she said, and Deena slowly looked up into her eyes. "I love you too. And it was… it was so nice. For now, I guess that's enough."

They sat looking at each other in the dim, lavender light of dusk. Jennifer leaned forward shyly and their lips touched. With a sigh of relief, Deena closed her eyes, their kiss continuing as before. Their hands touched at the rich beauties of one another's bodies and they eased back to the sheets.

Like silk, their, bodies undulated together, sliding breasts against breasts, stomach against stomach. Deena's thigh glided between Jennifer's and she felt the golden threads against her hip, hot and full.

Jennifer moaned into Deena's moving mouth, feeling the smooth thigh stroking her yearning hillock, and pressed back with her hips, feeling the tender mane of Deena's against her own thigh. Like gentle

waves, their hips began to roll together, back and forth, quickening as a tide. Each felt the undulations drawing moistness from their recesses. Their hands molded the breasts they held, and their nipples throbbed against velvet palms. They felt the veiled plateaus become misty against their flesh, and felt the petallike lips part moistly.

Deena's hands cupped the globes of Jennifer's buttocks and pulled her tighter, contouring the fullness. Her thigh slid from between Jennifer's and lush grove played against lush grove. Jennifer spread her legs and stroked Deena's thighs with the insteps of her feet, her hands finding Deena's flanks.

Their mouths swam and swirled, and Deena's and Jennifer's breaths were like an ocean breeze in the stillness. Deena's mouth gradually parted from Jennifer's, and moved over her face and down her throat to cover one pillowlike nipple. Jennifer moaned at the play of Deena's lips and tongue, her head going back into her pillow to roll- luxuriously, her hands gripping Deena's backside. Then the kisses were strung down over her belly, into her navel, and down into the dewed harbor of her loins.

Deena tasted the sweet secretions and the grotto became a whirlpool that drew her tongue down into the net of Jennifer's passion. Her hands squeezed the saucy rump as her lips nurtured the pearl free of the petals of flesh that hid it, her tongue buffeting it. Jennifer's legs tightened around Deena and she lifted up from the sheets, thrills of luminous sensation washing through her. She was enraptured with the devouring blanket of Deena's mouth, but she forced her eyes open and rolled to the side.

Deena's hands and mouth continued to engulf her as she rolled over on top and turned her body around. Her hands once again encased Deena's buttocks, kneading the cheeks as her mouth flowed over her belly and hips. She caught Deena's scent in her nostrils and filled her lungs. with it. Her tongue peeled the black foliage away from the fissure, and slowly sank into it. Deena moaned as she felt Jennifer sucking the tremoring bud into her mouth, stroking it with her tongue.

They rolled onto their sides, their heads bobbing in the succulent harbors. They began to quiver with the delving exaltations of their mouths, rising to ride the pummel of mounting contractions. Their flesh burned as they seesawed, and they began to drive into the other as their own ecstasy built. And their bodies were a circle through which passion raced, a surging river of burning lava swirling through them, boiling forth to engulf them. And their bellies pressed together as they began to explode, excruciating in its intensity, impaling awareness on the disintegrating culmination. They gasped as one, shaken by their release, and ever so slowly their lips fell away from

the bedewed clefts, their breath deep and full.

Moonlight bathed them in softening light and Jennifer pulled herself around to face Deena across the pillow. With hazy eyes, they spoke their satisfaction and joy, and their lips touched to mingle the nectar spilled from their goblets.

Chapter 8

Jennifer and Deena had awakened Sunday morning to glance at each other with embarrassed smiles. Then they had embraced, kissed briefly, and gotten up to fix breakfast. Neither felt the urge to make love again. It was something that had been said, and they could feel the bond of their friendship strengthened through the sharing of their flesh added to the sharing of minds and hearts.

That night, Deena drove Jennifer back to her parents' home, and they sat grinning at each other before the house.

"There's something funny about this," Deena laughed. "Like I should take you to the door and give you a goodnight kiss?"

"Oh no, my father'll be looking out through the blinds," Jennifer said with mock seriousness. Her face softened with affection. 'Thank you, Deena. For listening, for everything."

"Thank you," Deena said. "See you tomorrow."

Jennifer nodded with a grin and got out. They waved and Deena drove back to the house boat. Jennifer locked the front door and stepped in, closing it behind her. She stopped, startled to see her father seated on the couch.

Who are you? she wanted to ask. Handsome, a little heavy, with your hair thinning, who are you?

"Hi, baby. How're you doing?" Mitch Dallas grinned widely at his daughter.

"Fine, daddy. And you?" she said numbly, walking into the living room.

"Great. Going to be home with you two for awhile. Have you missed me?"

"Yes, daddy."

"Something the matter, Jenny?" he asked with concern.

"No. No, its just that it seems so long."

"Too long," he nodded. "Hopefully, it'll be at least as long before I have to go on the road again. Say, you would've really loved Alberta. It…"

"Hello, Jenny," Gloria interrupted, coming in from the kitchen. "Didn't Deena come in?"

"No, she had to get back home," Jennifer answered, wanting to escape to the sanctuary of her room.

"Deena. Deena… Marlowe?" Mitch asked. "Right?"

Jennifer nodded.

“Well, I'm glad you old buddies are back together again. Nice girl."

"Yes," Jennifer nodded. 'Wow, I'm really tired from all that

swimming. Leave you two alone, huh?" she smiled.

They made their good nights, and Jennifer moved up the stairs and into her room. Laying back on her bed, she wondered why she had been so aloof with her father. She loved him and was glad he was home, especially for Gloria. She had resented his long absences, but that was part of his job. No, it was something else. It was his masculinity. It was the idea of being alone with a man, even her father.

Had Deena been right? Would the fear of men pass? Yes, it had to, she told herself. Soon, she hoped.

Jud had gone to Gillian's in the early afternoon. They had kissed, and then proceeded with his Government lessons. With the barriers down between them, he found the going easy and in a few hours he had caught up with the class.

Monday morning he felt easy going and a little happy as he walked through the crowded hallways to open his locker. He reminded himself that he would have to be sure to call Gillian Miss Bastrop, and not let his attitude give them away.

"Jud?" a hesitant voice asked, faint against the clang of lockers and rumble of talk.

"Jennifer," he brightened, turning to see her standing before him. "How are you?" he asked tenderly.

"Better," she said, glancing down. "I… I want to apologize for last week. For being so… so up tight, so cold. But… "she trailed off.

"I understood, Jen. I was just worried about you, darling," he said and reached out to touch her cheek.

Jennifer jerked back, tensed. Her eyes focused with sorrow. "I'm sorry, Jud. It's not you. I… I'm just still… mixed up."

He nodded, understanding, yet hurt deeply.

"Friends?" she asked.

"Sure, Jen," he replied, meaning it, wishing he could help.

"Well," she said after a moment, smiling weakly. "Guess, I'd better get to my class. Later?"

"Later," he smiled, watching her disappear in the shuffle of students. He knew she had meant to make him feel better, to relieve his pain, but she had merely renewed it, reminding him of his inability to save her from rape or to help in the aftermath. Why did life have to be so difficult?

He sat through most of his classes with a feeling of uselessness. He was attentive enough to follow the lessons, but felt no involvement. At lunch, he sat staring off into space, thinking. At least he had Gillian's trust and affection. It wasn't the same thing, but it made him feel that he could mean something to a woman. Or was it all some put-on to save his feelings? Did he really satisfy her that

much, a woman with eight years more experience than him? It was strange, but he knew the answer to be yes. Her responses in and out of bed were honest and open. He felt himself looking forward to Government, the last class of the day.

"Hey, Jud," a voice said, bringing him back to the mall of the school. He looked up to see Ben Lorn, who he had several classes with, sitting down next to him.

"Hi Ben. What's happening?" he asked without real interest, though he was glad to have something to do.

"Nothin' much, man. Say, you told me once you'd turned on, didn't you?" he asked, glancing around to note that they were isolated from the main body of their classmates.

"Hmm? Yeah, at my brother's frat house," Jud nodded, remembering talking for several hours with Ben the summer before. "Just a little grass though," he smiled.

"Like to try something a bit stronger?" he asked confidentially.

"You dealing now, Ben? Last summer you told me I was crazy to have even smoked a number."

"Yeah, well, you know how it is. You look around and the world's changed. Nothin' holds still these days," he grinned. "Needed something to do after football season.

"Coach wouldn't approve," Jud laughed.

"Rules say no smokin' or drinicin'. Not a word about dopin'."

"Little risky, isn't it? I mean they catch you and you're out of school and in jail," Jud asked a little more seriously.

"Yeah, but I kind of dig it. Like stealin' a car, but you're doin' people favors and makin' a little bread on the side," he shrugged.

"It'd make me paranoid as hell," Jud said. "Wish you luck though."

"Thanks. But, say, you want to try some acid? Got some two-way purple tabs. Tried 'em myself and it's good stuff. No speed or anything. Smooth."

"No, I don't think my head's in the right place for that," Jud said after a moment's thought. "Be asking for a bad trip."

"That's cool. Well," he said, standing, "if you need something, let me know."

"Okay. Thanks, anyway," Jud said and watched Ben move away. Drugs had become too common for him to feel at all upset by the offer, but it seemed foolish to risk so much. And wouldn't it shake things up if one of the football stars got busted for dealing? There would be antidrug lectures for months.

When Jud came into the classroom, Gillian looked at him with affection, but quickly caught herself. Throughout the class she was careful not to let her eyes linger on his, and not to smile back at the trace of a grin on his face. With the bell, the room quickly cleared,

Jud stalling by dropping his books.

"Well, Jud is there anything I can help you with?" Gillian asked in a teacherly manner.

"Yes, Miss Bastrop," he smiled. "I've gotten my interest up again and would like to really get into the heart of the matter, but I'm not sure if I can tonight."

"Oh, I'm sure there's an opening for you," Gillian replied straight faced, enjoying the double meanings. "But the afternoon is really a better time for Government, less restricted and unrushed. I'm sure you'll be able to get into it then."

He nodded and left the classroom. Gillian smiled after him, looking forward to getting home.

Deena took the side road and drove past the beach house toward the water, taking the turn toward the landing smoothly. Before them, on the porch of the house boat, stood a man. Jennifer felt herself stiffen at the sight of the stranger. His hair worn long, he was obviously older than they, around twenty. Who was he? Why had he invaded their sanctuary? Did he mean them harm? Was there someone else with him, hidden from sight?

"Who the hell…?" Deena muttered, slowing the car. Then her face widened with exhalation. "Zap!" she cried out, braking the ear.

Deena stopped the car, and jumped out. The man walked from the porch and she leapt into his arms. Jennifer watched them kiss. Confused, she reached over and turned the engine off, taking the key out. She slowly followed Deena.

"Jennifer, this is Zap. Zap, Jen," Deena said, overjoyed.

"Jennifer," Zap nodded, his eyes touching hers admiringly.

"Jennifer nodded, dropping her eyes.

"Zap saved me last summer," Deena said, her arm around him. "Found a strung out teenybopper groupie and saved her."

"You did that yourself, Deena," he said softly.

"No, I was out to ball Derek "Zap" Karlye, rock star. The only other thing in my head was scoring some more reds and speed. But he gave me a lot more, including some great lays," Deena said, her voice softening with her gratitude.

"What would my fans say if they heard that? Supposed to be a space demon. Satanic," he laughed, self-conscious.

"I'm sorry, Zap. I didn't mean to embarrass you. It's just that… I owe you," she said tenderly, her eyes within his.

"You gave me a lot, too, you know?" he looked up, and glanced back at the house boat. "Say, I hope you don't mind me takin' you up on your offer of a place to crash?"

"Of course not."

Jennifer winced. Was he to be here alone with them? Deena

obviously was very close to him, but…

"Just finished a tour and I need to get away from the whole scene. Too many people manipulating and leeching."

"You don't have to ask. You can have the whole beach house to yourself. Jennifer's been spending the weekends down here with me."

"Is that okay with you, Jennifer?" Zap asked.

"Huh? Yes, of course," Jennifer said, thrown off by the tone of concern in his voice.

"Then it's settled," Deena smiled. "Wanta blow some grass?"

"Sounds good," he smiled, following them inside. They sat on the floor, and Deena slipped her bag of grass and papers from beneath the bed. She sat down Indian style and began to roll the cigarette.

"You two must be pretty close to summer vacation?" Zap asked, leaning back against the bed.

"Yeah, two more weeks," Deena said, the pink tip of her tongue moistening the glued edge of the brightly colored paper.

"Going back to L.A. this summer?" Zap laughed, leaning over to light the joint.

"No way," Deena shook her head, inhaling deeply.

"Good," he smiled.

"I escaped that scene just like you're doing," Deena said, passing the joint to Jennifer. "'Cept you have to go back sometimes."

"Sometimes," he grinned, taking the cigarette from Jennifer, pulling in and holding the smoke.

"Think I'm just going to lay in the sun all summer, rest up for my senior year," Deena said.

"Yeah, that's right, isn't it?" Zap said, holding the smoke in. "Jeez, what're you now? Seventeen?" he asked, letting the smoke roll out.

"Yeah, last month," Deena said, attaching a clip to the half burnt cigarette to hand it to Jennifer.

"Then you were sixteen last summer? Amazing some irate parent hasn't put me behind bars," he grinned.

"You didn't seem to mind then," she grinned back. "Nope, an' I still don't. Know some chicks older'n me that still aren't women.

"Thank you, Zap. What a nice thing to say," Deena nodded.

"Truth. Ain't their faults, I guess. But doesn't make it any easier talkin' to 'em," he shrugged.

"How'd you get here, anyway?" Deena asked.

"Got a friend to drop me off."

Jennifer heard their words soften as the tranquilizing effects of the marijuana took effect, and felt herself grow less ill at ease. Inhaling the last of the joint through his nostrils, Zap turned to look at her. His eyes rested against hers, curious but without threat, looking into her.

"Sorry. Didn't mean to stare, Jennifer. Only… Deena, did you say something to me once about Jennifer'?" he asked, glancing at Deena as he popped the roach down his throat.

"Probably. We've been best friends as long as I can remember."

"Yeah, right," he smiled. "Well, nice to meet you, Jennifer, Deena's best friend."

"Nice to meet you," Jennifer nodded, finding that she was smiling.

"Wow, that's the first time I've seen you smile in a while," Deena said. Seeing Jennifer blush, she added: "Sorry. But it's nice to see.

"How're you and your parents getting along?" Zap asked Deena.

"Better, but living out here seems best."

"Yeah, it can be rough going back to a parent-child thing after bein' on your own.

"Say, you wanta go swimming?" Deena brightened.

"Sounds great."

"You got a swim suit?" Deena asked, standing. "Huh?" he asked, taken off guard by an indication of modesty. "Oh, yeah, sure," he answered, remembering Jennifer's presence.

"Jennifer?"

"No. No, I've got some studying to do," she answered, not wanting to expose her body to this man, even though he seemed nice enough, not wanting to have a man's eyes on her body.

"Well, you change out on the porch and I'll meet you in the water," Deena said, understanding Jennifer's reasons.

He sorted through his duffel bag and pulled out a pair of latex trunks and went out the glass door, disappearing from sight.

"I'm sorry, Deena. You two should be alone together," Jennifer said.

"Don't be silly, Jen. We've been lovers and he's been a lot more to me, but we're not a romance. Friends. You understand?"

"Like us," Jennifer nodded sheepishly.

"Yeah," Deena smiled, pulling her blouse off. "And you don't have to be afraid of Zap. Everything I said is true. If it wasn't for him showing me life can be fun, telling me to clean my act up, well… I'd probably be dead from too many reds, or a punch machine for every leech that came along," she added, letting the pinkish-orange tipped globes of her breasts free from her bra.

There was a splash from outside as Zap dove into the water. Deena glanced out the glass doors, pulling her panties down the lengths of her legs.

"Hope he can stick around a while," she mused, taking a bikini from her drawer. "You don't mind, do you, Jen?" she added, turning.

"No, of course not, Deena. It's good to see you smile too. Besides, I'm really only here on the weekends."

"Good. I wouldn't want it to make tensions for either of you," she said, slipping the bottoms over the fullness of her hips to cover the ebony nest of her loins.

"No, it'll be good for me. I need to get used to men being around again if… if I'm ever going to get used to the idea of… knowing a man again," Jennifer said awkwardly.

"Good," Deena smiled, snapping her top. "Come and swim if you change your mind."

Jennifer watched her dive in the water, and walked to the door to see the two of them surface in the light spangles of the water, laughing.

When Jud arrived at Gillian's he found her front door ajar. A bit surprised, he stepped inside, locking it behind him.

"Gillian?" he called out, walking into the living room. He looked up the stairs to the balcony and the closed door of her bedroom. "Gillian?"

Receiving no reply, he looked into the kitchen, and then climbed the stairs. A smile started to form. He opened the bedroom door, and it became a grin.

Gillian lay on organdy sheets in the drape dimmed room. Her head afloat on the auburn cloud of her hair. A white rose petal covered each nipple, and a cluster sprinkled in the hollow of her loins covered the burgundy of her pubic hair. She smiled invitingly at him.

Kicking his shoes off and pulling his T-shirt over his head, he crossed to sit on the edge of the bed. Unfastening his jeans, he leaned forward to neatly blow each petal from the tan nubs. He stood and rid himself of his pants.

"You don't like my flowers?" Gillian asked coquettishly.

He leaned over her and took one between his lips from her thighs, dropping it beside her. He grinned up at her, taking another from the soft coils of hair. The third he flicked up with his tongue, and the fourth. Low in her throat, Gillian sighed.

She sat up as he removed the last petal, and took his hand in hers. His breath warm against the delectable mound, he looked up to see the silk purse of her mouth open, revealing pearl like teeth gleaming round the pink serpent of her tongue. He watched her eyes burning warmly into him.

Her tongue tip eased down his index finger, then curved around it to pull it into the cavern of her mouth. She sucked it in slowly, working it as if it were his prick which he felt rise out from his body as her teeth nibbled at his knuckles. Each finger disappeared into the warm cell, her fingers sifting the hairs on the back of his hand. Then she raised the palm to her lips, nibbling at the mound of his thumb. Her tongue flexed against the center and she kissed the hollow, her

eyelids lowering.

Sighing, his own eyelids closing he turned his face into the scent of roses to ease his tongue up the misty fissure, feeling the soft hairs brush his lips. Gillian moaned and her kiss grew more ardent. His tongue glided over the moist folds, pushing them away, cupping the pink nub. His lips followed his tongue down, drawing the pearl into his mouth, sucking gently.

Gillian groaned, the warm sound sliding slowly from her. Her hand buried itself in his hair as she sucked at his palm. The fingers of Jud's free. hand. were like ivory caterpillars humming over her stomach, blooming into butterflies as they winged over the tan flowers of her nipples.

Jud's face became moist with the perfumed flow of Gillian's chalice. Her hips began to rock from side to side, and her lips trailed from his palm along his fingers, dropping free as she lay back upon the organdy sheets. The corners of her lips curled up, her eyebrows raised above the half moons of her closed eyelids, and she rolled her head back into the bedding. Her lips parted, freeing a strand of her hair caught at the corner, and her tongue edged her upper teeth to come forward and moisten her lips. Her hands touched at Jud's hair as his face pressed into her. Her forehead lined, her mouth forming an O of pleasure as she felt the dagger of his tongue slicing the nexus of sensation, his lips bobbing the kernal in and out. Her legs drew up beside his body, her thighs pressing into his hard buttocks.

The richness of her fragrance filled his lungs as the resilience of her breasts filled his hands, and he worked his face into the humid mask of her loins, his shoulder muscles bunching and rolling with his drive. Gillian moaned, her body listing left to right like a ship in a storm. Jud felt her legs lift him from side to side as only her shoulders remained stable.

Gillian felt molten lava broiling from the juncture of her ripe snare and his ravishing mouth. His fingers molded her breasts into a throbbing heat that threatened to burst from her turgid nipples like geysers. She cried out at the broiling intensity of her third eye as his lips burnished it and his tongue polished it. Her swaying hips rose up till the arch of her flanks just touched the sheets, light tan against lavender.

The hard chisel of Jud's shaft chafed against the organdy, furrowing the cloth as its texture enflamed the head. Gillian's heels worked at the bottom of his buttocks between his thighs while the under length of his prod slid back and forth over the sheet. Her fingers wrapped themselves in his hair, and she began to quake and spasm with the driving culmination. The whip of her hips quickened, and both rolled to the side.

Jud felt the pulsing hive cover his face as she rolled over on top of him. Suddenly, she sat bolt upright as brightness swirled behind her eyelids, her legs drawing up under her. Jud's hands clutched the swells of her hips, supping at her climax. Her lips pulled away from her teeth and she groaned with the thrill, feeling herself on the verge of swooning.

The roiling cascade began to ease, Gillian's senses returning in the ebb flow. With blurred eyes, she looked down at his eyes smiling from between her thighs, his tongue languidly washing over the hard nub within the warmth that encased his face. She smiled a hazed, gentled smile of satiation and slid her right leg over his chest, pivoting to lay her body down over his, her breasts pressing against his abdomen.

Sailing her fingernails over the rises of his thighs in slow ellipses, she took his hard poinard into the scabbard of her mouth. She felt the bulb of his head against the ribs of her mouth's roof as she slid her tongue along the under vein. She drew her mouth in around the pillar, rolling her lips against the thin sheath of flesh to work it up and down the hard meat of him. Her fingers flickered around the edges of his scrotum, easing over the covered rims of the craters into the soft depressions, playing in the loose flesh of the sac to brush the fine hairs. She began sliding the swollen length of flesh in and out her mouth, coating it with a fine film of moistness, her teeth applying the most suptle of pressures. Her fingers dribbled the eggs of his testicles, then scooped them into her fingers to play at their openings to either side of his root with her fingertips.

Jud stretched with the moist flowing of her mouth round his prod, his arms going up above his head to clasp her ankles as he continued to nibble and savour her. Then his face tightened as did his whole body, arching up against her, his lips pressing loosely against the cerise petals of her core. Sweat beaded his face, muscle tremors quivering both of them. His mouth widened against her sweet hollow and he cried into it, imagining it echoing within the cul-desac as he savored the ambrosia mist.

Gillian felt his torso writhing beneath her own and began to pummel his shaft piston like, the fingers of one hand manipulating his root and testicle openings while the others probed his anus. She felt his snarls and groans quiver within her, his tongue desperately probing, his lips a roiling fissure around her still enflamed kernal. She felt her mouth tighten round his engorged flesh, one hand rolling the hard mound of his root between scrotum and anus, the little finger of the other hand working up into his backside to flex against the prostate gland.

His voice a gurgle within her, Jud yelled out, the sound muted by her soft embrasure, forcing air up into her as his lip covered upper

teeth pressed up under her clitoris. His flesh shimmered with the hot racing of his blood, his vision blurred red. His hips drew back, his loins bucking forth as the tumult sought release. Then his body was stuttering as he felt restraint rip away.

Gillian felt the steaming lava of his sperm jet up the vial between her lips to burst forth from between the minute lips of the head, tasting its acrid burn as it spilled over her tongue to be greedily swallowed. The frantic movements of his face suddenly thrust her back into the vortex of ecstasy, all confines disintegrating as she joined him, the furred caldron tremoring against his face as his softening spire trembled within her mouth.

Slowly, they fell back to either side, satiated. After a few minutes, Gillian pulled herself around to lay beside him.

"How you feeling, lover?" she whispered against his lips.

"Fine, teacher, just fine," he smiled weakly.

"I'm not your teacher here. You've learned all your lessons. Teaching me, if anything," she smiled, pressing her body along his.

"Gill?"

"What do you think about acid?" he asked, looking up at the ceiling.

"LSD?" Gillian asked, surprised.

"Yeah," he nodded.

"I don't know. It can be risky stuff. Why?"

"I've been thinking of dropping some."

"Any special reason?"

"Curiosity, maybe."

"That doesn't sound like the best reason in the world."

"You talkin' as my teacher?"

"No, as a friend. As your lover," she added running her finger through his hair.

"I guess I want to get my head together… try to figure out who Jud Kilgore is."

"You don't know?"

"Not really. I graduate in less than a week and I don't have the slightest idea where I'm going, or what I'm going to do."

"Well, like I said, it can be tricky stuff," Gillian said, looking into his eyes.

"Would… would you mind if I dropped here? I can't think of anyplace else where I'd feel safe, where I wouldn't have to worry about being put on a bum trip."

"Yeah, I guess so. I'm not too keen on the idea, but it's up to you. And… and I'm glad you've got such trust in me." She touched her lips to his. "Yes, Jud, you can do it here.'

"Sometime this weekend, I guess. Not really sure about it… yet,

but thought… I'd… " and he fell asleep.

Gillian looked at his peaceful face, troubled. She was his lover here, not his teacher, and so had no right to tell him what to do. She could deny him use of her house for his trip, but she agreed that the chances of his having no trouble were better here.

What had she left herself open to by taking a student as her lover? It was clear that it had been good for both of them, and to her mind worth the risk. Yet, the possibility of their affair coming. to light seemed trivial in contrast to the scandal of a student tripping on LSD in his teacher's home. Well, it seemed unlikely that any trouble would arise, Jud being a level headed boy. Boy? No, with her, he was a man.

Amidst her thoughts, Gillian fell asleep beside him, her head resting in the hollow of his shoulder. She began to dream of Alex. She saw him standing nude in the doorway of her bedroom. She stretched her hand out toward him, but he did not move. He neither turned away nor came forward. His dark eyes meditated on her, his staff hanging in miderection. She yearned for him to speak, to come to her.

She sat up, blinking away the frustration of her dream. Was this Alex asleep beside her? No. No, it was Jud. Sweet Jud who kept away the depression of waiting and hoping, who reminded her of Alex with his firmness, his mixture of boyishness and worldliness.

Have I used you badly, she thought. Have I robbed you of innocence, or returned some of it you lost so mysteriously just before we became lovers? What happened to you, sweet lover?

Wake up, she thought, looking at his sleep softened features. Wake up and just talk to me. Pull me back from memories, like you pulled me back from climaxes in order to build them. Will you mind if I wake you? Your flesh is so firm, my lips feel so soft against your belly. You sleep on, but your cock is waking to trumpet the sun down.

Painted in flame by the sun, a woman raping a steeping man, she mused. Man bites dog. Baby steals candy from thief. Woman upon boy. Straddle you, and ease myself down on the yearning lightning rod. Sitting on your belly with your tool shimmering in me, and you asleep, but your head moves and you smile. Are you playing possum, or are you dreaming I'm sitting upon you, impaling myself on your passion?

I'll fill your dreams if you'll fill my body; and you do, you know. Just pulling on you I can feel myself coming free of my dream, forgetting the want. I'm lubricating you and you don't even have to move. Sleep on, dream on. Um, soft and easy, using you like a dildo. Do you mind? It's such a good one. Oh, yes. So easy, just sliding into the water, dropping down to swim deep.

Can you feel me roll my stomach to glide my cunt along your prick, to feel your bell head caress my clit? I can. I can feel you hard

and long, filling me. I moan with the sweet rain of flame. And you respond in sleep, churning my depths. And it burns, it flashes, it stings, it melts. Oh, it's so good, so warm, just a small, gentle fall after the life giving deaths you've brought me to. And you undulate beneath me and you come, a soft pumping spilling over your head to ooze between you and me.

Jud's eyes opened easily and he looked up into Gillian's smiling face.

"Um. Thought I was dreaming," he murmured.

"You are," she grinned, slipping free of his still full shaft. She eased herself down between his legs to take the sticky spar of flesh into her mouth. She tasted away the mixture of their fluids, sucking at him, rehardening his flesh, the tension of his minor climax having receded. He began to lengthen and harden again.

Raising himself onto his elbows, he looked down to watch her tie her long hair in a coil around his staff. Then she tied a ribbon of it from the other side of her face around his scrotum above the testicles, tying them off. Her head bound with her auburn hair to his cock and balls, she slid her legs around and under his, up along his sides to urge his hips from the bed, sliding her body beneath his. He felt her breasts against his buttocks as she curled her legs over to lock them around his chest, her arms under his thighs to drop her hands at his loins. Her mouth closed over the density of the swollen scimitar that she had bound herself to, her body pinioned beneath his, and began to savor his bead with sucking lips.

Jud's spine became a serpent that writhed and undulated down the center of his back against the rich bedding of her body, chilling him one moment and sinking burning fangs into the nape of his neck the next to flood his brain with blinding venom. The flexible hardness of his prod, running under him as his root, became part of the serpent, and from prick point to the base of his brain, energy coursed through him as if her mouth spoke through it directly to his nerve endings, enunciating clearly the syllables of ecstasy.

As his flesh enlarged, the band of auburn cut into it, and as he began to roll to her touch he felt the binding above his testicles pull at him. He rolled his body against the subtle strength of her body beneath him, realizing his position of strength while being controlled, lurching in the ambiguity as he began to tremble again to complete the climax that had awakened him.

He went limp, feeling her- fingers free him of her hair, and he slid off her. He looked down at her face, wondering what had motivated her.

Chapter 9

Being a junior, Jennifer had two more weeks of school and had begun to study for her finals. Thus, she only went out to the house boat once or twice during the week with Deena. She felt awkward, as if she were intruding between Deena and Zap, but she had studying as an excuse.

Occasionally, she would find herself alone with Zap when Deena went to the bathroom or into the house boat for something. Despite his bizarre appearance, she realized that he was there for a rest from such things as balling teenage girls, and so was not inclined toward making any passes.

"Do you have another tour coming up?" Jennifer forced herself to ask, not wanting to appear unfriendly.

"Nope. Split from my band so I could lay back and not have to worry about being anyplace or having to record.

"It gets tiring, I guess."

"Yeah," he smiled. "I started playing with bands when I was sixteen and for five years I worked every gig I could get, for whatever bread I could get. Saw people so tired they didn't know they were sick till they collapsed. Saw 'em popping pills so they could make the schedules, burning their minds out, not being able to hear their own sound clear. People going deaf from playing too loud. Even so, I kept at it, kept pushin', 'he said wearily.

"It wasn't worth it?" she asked, curious.

"Worth it? I don't know. I've got money, but there isn't that much I don't have anymore. I have women, but I catch myself wondering whether it's me they love or the name. I get to work an easier schedule, but I see the people on the way up killing themselves, some of 'em better'n me but not the name. I can record when and what I want, hut there's all the money leeches trailing around hassling you to do something you don't want to play. Pluses and minuses, just like everything in life," he shrugged.

"But was it worth it?"

"It gave me something to do," he smiled with a shrug.

"And now?'

"Now?" he asked, hearing her but wanting a moment to consider the question.

"Do you have something to do now?" she asked.

"Sit on the porch of a house boat, smoke a little dope, swim with women I know aren't after anything, make music when I want."

"It's… it's nice we make you feel that way, but is that enough?" Jennifer asked.

"Sure, for now, anyway. The rest… it wasn't for the glamour and fancy cars, really. It was just to have enough money to do what I'm doing."

"It's nice that you're so content," she said with a trace of envy.

"Content? No, only when I'm dead, I'm afraid. There's the music I hear and never really get when I play it, but keep trying for. And there's so many people hungry and lonely and afraid and victimized for me to sit like this too long."

"But that's not your fault," Jennifer said.

"No, but some of them put down one, or two, or even three hours worth of work in the money they pay to hear me live or on a record. With me, they're paying to feel something beautiful, to escape, to hear their thoughts and words given voice in the lyrics maybe." He cupped his hands around a joint to light it, and sucked in deeply. "So, that's a fair trade, you know. But the P. R. men, the magazine people they write about you, make you glamorous. Say, here's this dude with all these goodies so people can vicariously enjoy 'em. But they also hate or envy you for 'em. They see only the house and the car and the women, not the time on the roads, the leeches, the financial screwing, the frustration. And even so, what's that compared to the guy working in a mine? He lives in coal dust, he eats and breathes it, and he sees his kids trapped by it, dirty with it as he goes down to maybe be trapped for a lot less money than me. So maybe he looks at the magazine image and he has somebody to focus his anger on. But there's got to be more I can do than that, some help I can give the people who're hurting when I can be heard on TV or in the magazines, on records and at shows, something more than a new car the money can buy."

"You're right about not being content," Jennifer nodded, accepting the joint.

"Oh, I'm generally happy. I know I'm lucky. Just a matter of not forgetting it."

"A lot of people do," she exhaled.

"Don't put 'em down. Can't. Can only judge myself," and he sucked in the smoke.

After that afternoon Jennifer did not fear him anymore. If anything she felt a little sorry for him, though she was not sure why. Yet, when he had handed her the cigarette, she had been careful lest her fingers touched his, the muscles in her forearm tensing when they did brush against his knuckles.

The following day, Thursday, Zap and Deena sat alone on the porch, their nude bodies drying under the warmth of the sun.

"Deena?'

"Um?"

"What's with Jenny? Why's she afraid of me touching her?" he asked, both of them looking dreamily at the water.

"It's not you, Zap," Deena assured him.

"I'm not imagining things, am I?"

"No. But it's men in general, not just you."

"Oh."

"You don't want to know why?"

"You going to tell me?" he grinned.

"It's a secret."

"That's what I figured,' he chuckled.

"Sorry," she smiled.

"It's cool.'

"But… "she murmured.

"Um?"

"You like her, Zap?"

"I guess. What's 'like' mean?"

"I mean, does she appeal to you as a woman."

"Sure," he smiled.

"Not just to ball. But…"

"As an old lady?"

"Yeah," she nodded, turning her head to look at him as he stared off for several moments.

"Maybe. Who can tell what'll happen?'

"But the idea doesn't turn you off?"

"What're you, trying to marry me off?" he grinned, turning his head to look at her.

"Lord, no!" she laughed. "I was just trying to decide whether to tell you or not."

"Thought it was a secret?" he teased.

"It is, but… If I told you, you wouldn't tell anybody ever?"

"Who would I tell? No, I promise.

"Not even Jenny ever? Even if she tells you afterwards?"

"The secret will never form itself upon my tongue," he grinned.

"I don't want to betray her, or have her think I betrayed her, Zap. That's important for her and me. Okay?"

He nodded.

"But if you're ever going to get close to her you should know so you won't blow it.'

"Thanks," he smiled.

"I didn't mean it that way. But if you come on regular with her, it won't work. Jenny… she was raped a couple of weeks ago," Deena spilled the words out, to have it said.

"That's a drag. Explains the touching thing."

"These two they held her boyfriend down with a knife and…

Anyway, she's scared of guys. Even caused her to break off with the guy."

"That must've been heavy on him, too," Zap observed.

"Yeah, I'm afraid you're right. But there's nothing I can do for him… and stop leering."

"Yes'm," he smiled. "Okay, and thanks, Deena, I'll never say anything about it. We'll see what happens, huh?"

"You helped me a lot,' she smiled, standing.

"You helped you," he objected. "Don't make me out as some kind of free-lance shrink lust because I try to help people I like."

"Speaking of free lances," Deena grinned, running the tip of her tongue to the corner of her mouth.

Zap grinned broadly and stood, the water dried from their flesh, feeling himself hardening easily at her suggestion.

"Need some treatment, ay, young lady?" he asked with a Viennese accent.

"Yes, doctor, I feel this strange sensation inside me, like an itch."

"Ah, I've got just the thing to scratch that itch. We call it a probe in the medical game," he said, hefting the weight of his shaft into the palm of his hand.

"Will I have to put my feet in the stirrups? The tables are always so cold," she asked with mock worry.

"Oh no, we pride ourselves on warm equipment."

"That's good. Tell me, doctor, do you play doctor often?" she grinned.

"Whenever I can," he said, taking her into his arms. "Is it as much fun as playing guitar?" she asked, squirming against him.

"Oh yes, and I get to use more than my fingers," he said, lowering his lips to hers.

"Is it electric?" she whispered against his lips.

"Just let me plug it in and I'll show you," he grinned.

His mouth closing over hers to spiral his tongue in between her lips, he slid his hands over the full arch of her backside, working his fingertips for a moment and then lifting her by the thighs. Her tongue dueling happily with his, Deena raised her legs and wrapped them around his waist. With one hand he raised her loins up and out from him, taking his prod in the other. She eased down and he guided his rod into the parted opening of her cauldron. Once the head had cleared her softness she dropped down to feel him lance up into her, her mouth enflaming his ear as she held on round his neck.

Deena began to flex her vaginal muscles against the fullness and he chewed at her neck, rolling his hips up into her. They grinned at each other for a moment, 'and Zap fell over sideways. Deena squealed and they hit the water.

They rose, still joined, treading water. He bit lightly into his lower lip, utilizing the weightless floating to bob in and out of her.

"Careful you don't electrocute yourself," she smiled, rubbing her breasts against his chest beneath the concealment of the water, feeling the currents against her flesh drift with conscious sensation as the current within her grew stronger. Their lips joined once again, their lips curling and writhing together as their tongues leapt back and forth.

His hands shaped the fullness of her buttocks. The water soft to his touch as he slid in and out, feeling her fluids lessen with the warm flow of the sea water. She moaned against him, her legs pulling him hard against her, tightening on his masthead, the dryness allowing her a firm hold on him. Zap began to moan as she jerked up and down on him, suddenly loosening to drive him deep into her only to close again. Her water hardened nipples plowed the hair on his chest. His hands tightened their grip, his mouth a consuming thing. He began to moan louder; and then he was coming, his hands dropping away from his hold, held by her legs and the grip of her cunt.

His limbs drifted back, his face turning upward to scream into the sun as she pumped his orgasm from him, her face shining with her own joy. Then as their bodies began to relax, Deena loosened her grip, letting her legs float down. They drifted, joined at the loins until his flesh began to soften. They moved apart to float on their backs, smiling.

Friday afternoon, Gillian looked at herself in the mirror. Conscious, perhaps over conscious, of Jud's plan to trip that night, she had dressed especially for him. She wore a white lace blouse that showed her naked flesh as part of its design, filigree of shadow playing over her firm belly, the fullness of her breasts, and the tan of her nipples. A pair of faded dungarees clung like a second skin to the swell of her flanks, the hillock of her loins and the lengths of her legs.

Nervously, she turned and went downstairs to open the door when the bell rang. Jud smiled at her admiringly.

"Wow, that's nice. Beautiful," he grinned.

"Thank you, kind sir," she smiled, stepping back to let him in.

"I got it," he said shyly, as she closed and locked the door.

"How much?'

"Dollar seventy-five," he said, digging in his pocket "It's a two-way, if you want…?" he asked, looking at her as he drew a piece of tin foil from pocket.

"No, I don't think that'd be a good idea. Having somebody straight around doesn't hurt the first time."

"Have… have you tripped before?" he asked, the thought never having occurred to him, as he folded the foil back from a purple

tablet.

"I'm only twenty-five, darling. There was a ding scene when I was in school. It was smaller but it was there," she smiled, examining the tab.

"So you've tripped?" he brightened.

"Um. Even when psychedelics were still legal."

"Then I don't have to worry," he said.

"Worry?"

"I mean, you know what's going on, things won't startle you, and… and you can explain things to me if I need it," he said awkwardly.

"Sure."

"Gill, did it help you? Your head I mean?" he asked.

"Maybe. Who knows?" she shrugged.

"Do you think it'll help me?" he asked, uncertainty showing through.

"It depends what's in your head, what knowledge, what experience, what fears. It's just a catalyst, really."

"I mean, I know it isn't going to kill me 'cause other people've already tried it. And, you know, they tell you grass is goin' to make you want heroin and junk like that. But… do you think I'm experienced enough?" he asked nervously.

"You're intelligent and open, Jud, but I can't really say. That's your decision. But what about the fears? Hangups? We've never really talked, but I know something happened to you just before we got together. Something that still bothers you. Do you think it'll bother you on acid," she asked tenderly.

"I… that's the real reason I want to take it… to try to work it out for myself, to get past it," he said thoughtfully.

"I'm not trying to talk you out of anything, or make you paranoid. You understand that, don't you?"

He nodded.

"Maybe it's just that I dropped a lot of psychedelics over four or five years time. And, after a while, I began to see that there were other ways to get to where I'd gotten, and that I'd gotten all I could from acid and the rest," she offered.

"Like… like what?" he asked, looking up into her eyes with curiosity.

"Just sitting down with yourself and facing things honestly, facing yourself honestly. Talking things out with someone you can share with because giving things words somehow makes them easier to deal with."

He sat down, staring at the tiny piece of packed and hardened powder. Gillian stood a moment watching his thoughts flicker over his

face, and then turned to the stereo, starting a record.

She sat down beside him on the couch as the music began to weave around them, He made a face of indecision and she smiled warmly, resting her head on his shoulder. Jud looked from the acid to her face, her eyes closed, her expression relaxed as she listened to the music. The decision was his, as it had always been.

Chapter 10

Driving home from work, Winslow Bass parked in the lot in front of his favorite bar. Each Friday he stopped for a few beers, relaxing and disengaging himself from the problems and details of a week's work. He liked the bar because it was usually near empty till after he had gone, and thus was quiet.

"Hello, Mr. Bass," Pete, the bartender, greeted him. "The usual?"

"Right," he smiled back, watching Pete fill his frosted glass from the tap, barely capping it with suds. "How'd the week treat you, Pete?"

"Can't complain," Pete shrugged, taking the offered change.

"Can be a lot worse," Winslow said, and turned toward his booth.

He was startled to see someone sitting there, but passed it off, sitting in the next booth, his back against theirs. The gaunt, dark eyed youth and the heavier man in his early thirties glanced at him without interest.

Taking a sip of his beer, Winslow unfolded his newspaper and separated the sports section. The men were talking behind him, their voices muffled slightly by the wooden seat back, but he was not interested.

"You know what I'd like, Billy?" asked the voice closest to him, receiving a mumble in response. "A piece of leg to stick it in."

"But we're splittin', John. Remember, you said we were goin' south so you could make another run in Mexico," the younger man said nervously.

"Yeah," John answered narrowly. "But right now we're right here, ain't we? And I want some ass.

"I don't know anybody, John."

"Remember that little thing on the beach? Um, I'd like some more of her. What was her name? Oh yeah, J-Jennifer," he laughed. "I-Jennifer and J-Jud. Sounds like a vaudeville act, don't it?"

The words were audible to Winslow, but he did not give them any conscious attention. But a moment after the mention of Jennifer and Jud's names, the words that had proceeded were recalled. He stiffened in his seat, his hands holding tightly to the newspaper.

“That's the nice thing about luckin' onto somethin' like that piece. Afraid mommy and daddy'll find out she's been out behind the barn, and afraid of what people'll think of her. Love them. Can shove it right down their throats, slam into them, whip 'em, make em grovel for you. You know, we let her off too easy; could o' had her kissin' my feet," he sneered.

Winslow had not moved, but the veins stood out on the backs of his hands and at his temples. His jaw muscles were in relief from the

hard grip of his teeth.

"Think we could find her again, Billy boy? Maybe she's out there looking for us," John chuckled.

"Doesn't seem likely," Billy murmured.

"Yeah. All the same, I'd like to really rip her up this time."

Winslow folded his newspaper and stood. He walked calmly toward the door without looking back at the two men. He had seen them once and they were the only other customers.

"See you next week, Pete. Just remembered something I should be doing," he said with a wave.

"Have a nice weekend, Mr. Bass."

"Thanks, Pete," he said as he went out the door.

Winslow stood looking at what had to be John and Billy's car, breathing in the cool night air. There was no doubt in his mind as to who they were. They were the ones who had taken a beautiful, alive young girl and turned her into a sad, empty-eyed sleep walker. They had raped Jennifer.

It did not seem possible that it should happen this way, that he would be able to avenge her as he had wished. Life just was not like that. Yet, it had happened. He put his jacket and newspaper on the front seat of his car and went around to the back. Unlocking the trunk, he took out a jack handle and shut it back.

How long would they be in there? Till other customers started arriving? Well, he would just have to wait.

He moved into the shadows between their car and Pete's parked next to it. He squatted down and leaned back against Pete's auto, his back to the bar. An occasional car went by on the street, but no one pulled in. Twenty minutes later he heard their voices at the door of the bar.

"We goin' to the border tomorrow, John?" Billy asked anxiously.

"You know, Billy, I ought to hold out your fix, that's what I ought to do."

"Huh? Why, John?" Bill asked with desperation.

"Then you'd go out and find me J-Jennifer," John laughed.

The laughter trailed off and both men halted as Winslow stood up to face them. They looked at him in confusion, noting the length of iron in his hand.

"What seems to be the problem, pal?" John asked.

"I'm going to collect a little of a debt you owe," Winslow answered, his tone cold and precise.

"Debt? Why, I've never even seen you before," John laughed nervously. "How 'bout you, Billy?"

"Huh? No. No, I never seen you before, mister," Billy stammered, frightened.

"So what kind of debt can we owe you?" John asked as if that dismissed matters.

"You don't owe me anything, you piece of shit. You owe a girl named Jennifer and a boy named Jud," Winslow replied, his eyes chilling in their calm resolution.

John and Billy froze. Billy swallowed hard, sweat suddenly bathing his palms and back. John blinked over and over.

"Listen, pal," John began, and then leapt at Winslow.

Winslow stepped back and the tire iron slammed into John's ribs. With a deep groan he stumbled back grimacing. Billy tried to turn, but Winslow pulled him around with his free hand. He started to pull back with the iron, but saw John pushing off the side of the car toward him. He jammed the end of the pipe into Billy's stomach.

Billy fell, doubled over in pain as John collided with Winslow. Desperate, he clawed at Winslow's hand, trying to loosen his grip. Winslow brought his knee up hard into John's crotch. His face tightening with agony, John held on and threw his weight into Winslow. They fell back against the bumper of Pete's car and the tire iron clattered on the asphalt.

Winslow felt relieved. He did not want to risk the gas chamber, he just wanted justice for Jennifer. His knee came up again, and a third time. John crumpled and fell.

Turning, Winslow grabbed Billy up by the shirt front, pulling his fist back.

"No, wait, mister," Billy pled. "You must know I didn't do nothing to her. She must of told you I didn't hurt or touch her, that I was too junked up to do anything even if I'd wanted to. And I didn't want to bother her or her boyfriend, man. I just wanted to sit up in the dunes and nod out, that's all. But John, he supplies me. If I go against him I'm without a fix. I couldn't help myself," he pleaded. "Please, mister. Please," he finished, crying.

Winslow looked down at the frail youth and believed him. He leaned him back against the car and picked up the tire iron.

"I'm going back inside to make a phone call. You'll have a few minutes before the cops have your names and descriptions, if you want to try to run, Winslow said. He looked down contemptuously at John. "If I was willing to get down on your level, you'd be begging me for the cops by morning. But there is that difference, thank god."

Winslow turned and walked back to his car, putting the tire iron away, and then started back toward the bar. He turned his head as John's car started.

"Let me go, John!" he heard Billy yell.

"No, you little junkie, I got plans for you and your big mouth," John yelled back.

The car's lights flashed on, momentarily blinding Winslow, and the auto raced forward. He moved back, shielding his eyes. It turned and bore down toward him. Winslow moved back and, at the last moment, leapt across the hood of his own car.

John jerked the wheel hard, the numbing pain in his groin keeping him doubled over the wheel. There was a police car pulling into the lot! The tires screamed and he hit the brakes, but the wheels were crossing the oil spills of parked cars. The wheels skidded to the side. John panicked, desperate to escape the police car, pulling desperately at the wheel. Before them was a bank of electric generators surrounded by a chain link fence. Billy screamed.

Winslow saw the car seem to slow, banking to the side, but the impetus flipped it, and the auto turned over to plunge into the generators. Electricity exploded in white showers around the auto, and then the current hit the gas tank. The explosion knocked Winslow back against his car, the flames and crackling power lighting the parking lot.

"You okay, Mister?"

Winslow turned to see a policeman standing beside him, his partner moving toward the burning car. Winslow nodded, confused and shaken.

"We saw them try to run you down and pulled in. What was it all about?"

"Huh?" he asked, clearing his head. "Oh, I heard them talking and told them I was phoning the police. One was a heroin pusher, and the other a junkie," Winslow answered in all honesty, omitting all mention of Jennifer and his beating of John and Billy. "Never thought anything like this would happen."

"Well, you shouldn't have told them what you were planning to do. But you're okay, huh?"

"Yeah," Winslow nodded.

"Can't say I'm sorry about the pusher. Live off despair, pain and fear, selling for money and power, not just to feed their own habits. Leeches sucking people's souls," the patrolman said, his eyes on the blaze.

Winslow glanced at the Negro patrolman, and wondered how close the person had been to him who someone like John had destroyed.

Jud held the tab of acid between thumb and forefinger, squinting one eye to examine it. grinning at his indecision. Gillian's eyes lifted to it.

"You know, no matter what I decide tonight, eventually I'll drop," he said.

"Curiosity's like that," Gillian smiled.

"But first I need to know a little more about life, about me. And I need to talk myself loose of Jennifer," he sighed, rewrapping the acid. "Sure hate to flush a buck seventy-five," he mused.

"Do you want to talk tonight? You're supposed to be out overnight, so we've got plenty of time."

"Yeah, but first…" he stood. Jennifer heard him climb the stairs and heard the toilet flush softly against the music. After a minute he returned. "Probably going to regret doing that."

"I'll give you a dollar seventy-five," she smiled. "No telling what kind of hallucinations the commode's having."

"You… you wouldn't mind listening?" he asked finally, very serious.

"No, of course not."

He nodded, thought for a few minutes and then recounted the night on the beach, Jennifer's reaction, her turning away from him, his sense of helplessness and loss, and all that Gillian's loving had given him to help in recovering.

"I'm glad that… that it's been good for you, too," she said, her eyes loving and caring upon his. "Do you feel any better now, for having told me?"

"Yeah. Yeah, released. Does it sound silly, me feeling so hurt, castrated by it all?" he asked hesitantly, biting the side of his mouth.

"No, darling. To see someone you love hurt and not be able to help or protect them and… and to have that person seem to blame you… well, that's a pretty heavy load for anybody."

"You don't think Jenny blames me?" he asked.

"It's, possible, but more likely she's just afraid of men now.

He thought about that and finally nodded. Gillian smiled and touched her lips to his. Their eyes met.

"Would it bother you if I told you… that I love you, Gill?" he asked.

"No. I love you, too, Jud. I mean it's not live-together happily-ever-after… but it's love.

Their lips brushed again and his arms went around her, feeling her flesh through the fine knit of the blouse. She pulled his shirt free of his pants and caressed his stomach. His fingers climbed down the buttons along her back and the blouse fell from her shoulders, his hands gliding over the supple firmness of her back, then up to remove the blouse. Her fingers freed his shirt and her breasts glided over his stomach and chest.

His tongue burrowing into her mouth, Jud unbuttoned and unzipped her pants, peeling them down over her hips. He stood and slipped them from, her, leaving her nude on the couch. His eyes took in the beauty of her face with its auburn frame, her delectable breasts,

the tight curve of her belly, the auburn nest at the juncture of her thighs, and the long legs. He smiled and lifted her into his arms.

"So beautiful," he smiled.

Her arms draped over his shoulders, Gillian kissed him, feeling his strong arms holding her body to him, feeling him carry her toward the stairs and up to the bedroom above.

"One good thing about buying the acid," Jud said as he pushed the bedroom door open with his foot.

"What's that," Gillian asked as he laid her upon the bed.

"We got the whole night together this time," he smiled, removing his shoes and pants.

"Yeah, that's a trip," and they both laughed.

He leaned over her, his mouth savoring her, his hands gliding down her body. He raised up and smiled down at her.

"It's gonna be," he assured her, and covered her body with his.

Winslow phoned Debra to tell her that he would be late, and then went down to the police station to give his statement, briefly answering the reporters that clustered around him when he left. The drive home seemed long, too long.

Debra had a drink ready for him when he arrived as well as dinner, but he was not hungry. She sat patiently silent as he nursed his drink, staring at the wall before him, trying to shake off the shock of the evening. At last, he looked up at her for a moment. weighing his words, and then told her everything from watching Jennifer to the deaths of John and Billy.

"Well?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, darling. What do you want me to say?" she asked gently, sitting on the arm of his chair.

"You're not upset about me watching Jennifer from the window?" he asked.

"She's a beautiful girl. You didn't ever try anything with her, did you?" she asked calmly.

"No. No, of course not," he assured her, surprised at the suggestion.

"Then why should I be upset? You're a good husband, a great lay, and you're all mine. I should complain because you appreciate beautiful women and live with me, are faithful to me and give me the benefits of your getting horny over them?" she laughed. "No, sweetheart, I love you," and she hugged him.

"You think I should've said anything more to the cops?" he asked, relieved.

"All it would've done would've been to involve Jennifer. Otherwise, you told the truth, and they killed themselves trying to kill you. Maybe you shouldn't have beat them up, but… I can't imagine

anyone blaming you. Especially me," she assured him.

He looked up into her face, fully appreciating her, and eased her down into his lap. Their lips met and he held her lovingly to him, needing no one else to arouse him.

Chapter 11

The Saturday morning sunlight crept into the boat house till it filled it with brightness and deep, contrasting shadows. It slid patterns across the two blanket covered figures cuddled together against the remnants of night chill, spilling from the window above them to lay a plane of brightness across Deena's face. Her eyes flickered briefly, tightening to deny consciousness only to open as she turned her face away from it.

Deena brushed her hair away from her face and sat up, stretching gradually to release the stiffness of sleep, her arms curling upward as her head rolled languidly. The light showed dark blue highlights in the ebony fall of her hair, outlining the contours of her body, her breasts casting shadows to one side, her nipples a rust color. She gradually let her arms drop and took two handfuls of hair from either side of her face to draw them down between the firm orbs of her breasts. She glanced down at Jennifer's face buried in the pillow, her upper lip pulled out against the case, her sunlit hair a golden mist swirling around her childlike countenance.

Sliding out from under the sheets so as not to wake Jennifer, Deena walked to the glass door and looked at the light dancing on the water. She smiled and slid the door open, feeling her flesh warm under the sun. She cupped her breasts and then slid her hands down her body to either side of the jet plume, flexing her thigh muscles. Then she dove into the water, feeling the chill sweep down her body as she plummeted amongst foam and bubbles, her body coming awake as she arched up to break the surface in a gleeful spray, her hair swinging hack. She floated, casting a yellow cloud of relief into the blue that created a swirl of green before it was one with the ocean. She swam hack and forth for ten minutes and then pulled herself up onto the porch, standing till the sun had dried her body, tightening her flesh with goosebumps, her nipples tight and hard.

She stepped though the door and saw Jennifer smile up at her drowsily. She toweled her hair, putting a fire on under the coffee, and then sat on the edge of the bed to brush her hair out.

"Didn't wake you, did I?" she asked.

"No," Jennifer shook her head.

They turned their heads at a knock at the door.

"It's me," came Zap's voice.

"Come on in," Deena smiled, standing to save the coffee from boiling over.

"Morning, ladies," Zap smiled. He wore a pair of chinos and carried a rolled up newspaper which he handed to Jennifer, his eyes

smiling into hers, his peripheral vision noting the luxuriant softness of her shoulders and arms above the sheet and blanket that covered her body.

"Coffee?" Deena asked, with no self-consciousness over her nudity.

"Yeah, ought to be cool by the time I'm back," he said as he went through the glass doors. Out of Jennifer's line of vision, he pulled his pants off. He turned and grinned at Deena, his prick still rigid from sleep, and dove into the water.

Deena poured three cups of coffee, handed one to Jennifer, and lit a cigarette. She sat on the edge of the bed again, sipping at the coffee as Jennifer opened the paper.

"Anything heartening and cheerful in the news?" Deena asked. When Jennifer did not answer, she turned her head to see a stunned expression on the other girl's features. "Hey what's wrong?"

"The men… those two who… they," and she turned the front page for Deena to see.

Under the headline "Heroin Pushers Die Ablaze" were two photographs, obviously culled from police records, of John and Billy. Beside them was a larger photo of their burning car. Deena slid the paper from Jennifer's limp fingers to read the story:

"John Ivy, previously convicted of smuggling heroin and under police surveillance, died last night with addict James "Billy" Battson when their auto crashed into an electric power generator outside Pete's Bar None. Patrolman Issac Allison reported that he and his partner Patrolman Shelby Pickens saw the auto attempt to run down Winslow Bass, an engineer who had just left the club, in the parking lot. Patrolman Allison surmised that, upon seeing the patrol car, the driver, Ivy, lost control of the vehicle. All efforts were

Deena said, "Wow, that's heavy."

"The man in the parking lot… what was his name?" Jennifer asked, confused.

"Um, Winslow Bass," Deena said, finding the name. "Why? You know him?"

"He lives next door to my parents," Jennifer said, her forehead lined.

"That's weird. Strange coincidence," she nodded, dropping the paper onto the bed.

"Yeah. I guess," Jennifer nodded. Could it be simply a matter of coincidence? She had never even talked with the man other than to say good morning.

"How do you feel about it?" Deena asked.

"I'm not sure. Relieved in a way. I don't have to be afraid of them finding me again, of seeing them on the street. But… it seems such a waste," she said with a trace of sadness.

"Apparently their whole lives were wasted, that one trying to lay other people's to waste," Deena observed.

"Yes. I'm not sorry about… John, because at least he won't be… hurting anybody else like… me or Jud… or Billy. Poor Billy," she shook her head.

They looked up as Zap came back in, his hair hanging wet, his slacks clinging damply to reveal the impression of his now slack prod and the flatness of his ass and stomach. As he got his coffee, Jennifer held the covers to her breast, reaching out for her robe. She dropped the purple cloth over her head and arms. Raising the sheet, she stood, letting the soft draping drop down over her body to her feet. Picking up her coffee cup, she wandered out on the porch past Zap who sat beside Deena to flip the paper over.

“Well, a little justice in the world," he noted, looking at the headline.

"Deena glanced at him in surprise and then realized that he was referring to Johns heroin business rather than to his rape of Jennifer.

"I've got to go to the store for some cigarettes. Either of you need anything?" she asked.

Neither wanting anything, Deena pulled on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt, and drove off. Finishing the comics, Zap stood to refill his cup and bumped into Jennifer as she came back in. They stumbled and he caught her. She smiled for a split second and then realized she was in his arms, feeling his bare arms against hers, the wide sleeves of the robe pushed back, smelling the sea on his bare chest, his thighs against her side, and she froze. She wanted to pull away and her eyes went to his, and held a moment. The ocean slapped against the house boat and a seagull cawed in the sky, the alarm clock ticking loudly in the silence.

With a friendly smile, he stood her up and went to the stove. She looked at his strong back, wanting to thank him but feeling her throat tighten. His hold had been so sure and firm, yet gentle. She felt a tremor of desire mix with her fear. The rapists are dead, she told herself. He's not like them, but…

"It's nice to see Deena so happy," Jennifer said, sitting on one of the stools next to the serving counter. "I'm glad you're here," she added, finding this the only way to voice her thanks, her own pleasure at his presence.

"Yeah, Deena's a beautiful lady," Zap nodded. "When we met it was, you know, an iffy thing, a lotta doubts. But I figured we might have a nice week, anyway." He smiled. "Turned out longer and better though. She knows how to get back up. Born with it, I guess," he said, sipping his coffee. "I think she digs her parents more now. Maybe not as parents but as people 'cause she realized they'd had somethin' to do

with developin' that strength. Being able to realize if life knocks you down into the gutter, and even if it puts its foot on your neck to keep you there… well, you gotta get up. Else you might as well be dead, cause you got no hope, no dreams. And you can't get up just to hit back, doin' the same number on somebody else's head. You gotta get up and get back to business, digging life and doin' the same number on somebody else's head." He smiled sheepishly and glanced over at Jennifer. "All I need's a cracker barrel, I sound so wise," he kidded himself.

"No," Jennifer said, thinking about what he had said. "No, you're right."

Zap looked to her but her eyes were adrift in thought as she related his words to herself, to her own problems. The bright sunlight streaming through the door silhouetted her in a suggestion of glowing tones. Her back shifted under the purple jersey, and the highlights were like the sky seen through trails of vaporous clouds, the shadowed areas the sky at dusk. Her hair was a drift of gold with a perambula of platinum. He sipped at his coffee.

Gillian came slowly awake at noon. She smiled at Jud's sleeping tangle of legs and bedding, glad to awaken next to a man again after so long. She showered and' went down to fix breakfast, waking him with soft kisses when she returned.

"Breakfast in bed?" he murmured with a sleepy smile. "Gonna spoil me."

"You spoil me, lover, I spoil you," she grinned, setting the tray over his waist as he sat up.

"What time is it?" he asked, biting into the golden crust of a piece of toast.

"About twelve-thirty," she answered, stretching herself out beside him, cupping her chin in her palms, her rump rising from the small of her back temptingly.

"Supposed to be home by one-thirty to help my dad with his car," he sourly noted.

"That's a whole hour," she grinned.

"Um," he nodded, sliding a forkful of egg into his mouth, savoring the flavor with an exaggerated expression as he looked at the, tumble of auburn above the lightly freckled orbs of her breasts, the sweet rise of her ass, and the long legs.

Jud set the tray on the floor and lowered his face to hers. Their lips crushed together, shifting and writhing as their tongues flowed, and she dropped her hands from beneath her chin to reach out and stroke his sides. Jud pushed down even with her and she rolled onto her side, her body facing him. Her breasts pressed outward as his chest met hers, his hands scooping up her nether cheeks greedily, his

hard cock pressing at her underbelly.

Gillian's tongue spilled from between Jud's lips, a dagger of pink satin that stroked his cheek and danced at his ear, spiraling down to fill his brain with thunder, his back muscles writhing at the flare of her thrashing. He found his own mouth at her throat and nipped at the flesh, finding the hollow between the mound of the raised jugular and the press of her shoulder muscle, delving down with his tongue to feel her breath drawn in from his ear, her teeth closing sensuously on the lobe. He consumed one dome of flesh in his hand, feeling the hard press of her nipple against the soft center of his palm. His other hand dropped down the curvette of her belly to cleave the humid valley between her thighs, feeling the warm rinse of her pourings as he slid his fingers up to cup the node of her clit and juggle it upon his fingertips.

Gillian felt the soothing veil of pleasure cloud her vision. She pressed the tip of her tongue to her upper lip as her mouth opened with the drifting warmth. Her fingers pressed into the firm muscles of his back, and the cradle of her pelvis arched up to the flexing of his fingers as a fragile gasp pursed her lips with a mellow smile. Her hands slid down his back on the edges of their nails, sweeping around to clasp the trunk of his prod greedily. She linked her fingers around the hardness, pressing as hard as she could to slide the sleeve of flesh up from the thick hairs at the base to the light purple bolt of the head.

Feeling his stomach muscles tighten as Gillian hoisted and thrust at his manhood, embers glowed within his loins, fanned by her gliding hold and the tongue that was once more hovering within his ear. He moved his head downward to straddle her nipple with his lips, nibbling at it as his fingers delved within her moist chamber, buttering themselves in her passion. He sucked in the nipple and aureole, and as much of her breast as his ravenous mouth could consume, vacillating the pressure of his teeth in slow, evocative bites.

Gillian reeled with the lapping joy, and pulled his hand from her nook, driving his hard masthead up into her dilated lodging. They groaned together as his prod rode up into her to brush against her cervix, the head flattening around its lips. He seemed to expand within the confines, swelling as he glided out and then pressed back in. His fingers, sticky with her essence, cupped her free breast as his mouth continued to wash the other. Breathing heavily, he lifted his hips to swing down and up, touch the softness at the end, and pull back out along the shimmering pearl. She strained up against him as the veil of pleasure became an engulfing surge, lancing static electricity through her to sear her nerve endings.

Jud pulled his face back, setting the globe of her breast free with a kiss as it slid loose from the pinion of his teeth. He braced himself

and began to swirl himself in the forge of her lap, feeling his flesh melt, glazed with the burning syrup. In and out, faster and faster, engaging and disengaging, undulating and gyrating, probing and retreating, all the while tremoring, Jud felt his mind teeter with the consumptive inferno that began to break through resistance. She was moaning beneath him and he smiled at the ecstasy that whipped her face from side to side, that tightened his own eyes. Suddenly her quim was inundated with his flooding escape from maddening intensity, pumping into her.

Coming away, his eyes dim slits, he saw her brow-line and her teeth bite into her lip, caught on the edge. Breathing deeply, he picked up his movement, faster and faster to race the softening of his flesh, to pull her across to join him. Gillian smiled, the lines in her forehead disappearing as she realized what he was doing, feeling the hardness leaving him even as he raced up and down across her clit. It tremored beneath the wilting flesh; and then his fingers were within her as he dropped from her. His mouth blanketed hers, his tongue flailing in time with his fingers, her mouth and nether lips joined by the probing explosions. And her blood began to rush, her tongue whipping back at his, her loins grinding against his fingers as the culmination swirled and impaled her.

He gradually disengaged himself, smiling down at her gasping face and she pulled him back to kiss him deeply. Then they both laid back, afloat in the crystalline smoldering.

After Jud had kissed her and departed, Gillian lay in bed thinking about their conversation the night before. His agony over Jennifer's rape was a squirming pain within him, and she wanted to be able to remove it, to make him completely happy within the limitations of their relationship. Yet, was that within those limitations? She wanted to tell Jennifer, so that she could let him know that it was not him that she was afraid of, not him that she feared. Surely, the girl would want to, she thought. But it would be foolish to speak to her, to involve herself intimately with a second student. Of course, it had been foolish to become involved with Jud, to allow herself to be faced with this decision.

She sat up and stared at the telephone. She should mind her own business. Jud would get over the pain. Her hand touched the receiver. She was his lover, his teacher, but not his guardian. Her fingers closed around the plastic and raised it from the cradle. With a sigh of resignation at her own mind, she flipped through the phone book till she found Jennifer's number. On the third ring there was an answer.

"Yes?"

"I, uh… could I speak to Jennifer Dallas, please," she asked.

"This is she," Jennifer said, having just returned from the house

boat.

"This is Miss Bastrop, Jennifer."

"Yes, Miss Bastrop, what can I do for you?" Jennifer asked with surprise.

"I… I was just grading the test you handed in Friday and I'd like to speak to you about some of the answers. I wouldn't bother you at home except that we're so near finals."

"Oh. Well, yes. Would you like me to come by your place?"

"If you could. Whenever it could be convenient for you.

"I need to change clothes first. Half an hour?" Jennifer asked timidly.

"Fine. See you then," Gillian replied and hung up.

Jennifer stared at the phone for a moment, wondering if she had done badly. She went into her room and undressed, putting on a pleated skirt and black blouse that contrasted well with her hair. Her father gave her the keys to his car with a smile, happy to be hack with his family.

Jennifer opened the front door and paused, seeing Winslow Bass taking in his garbage cans. Their eyes linked momentarily, each wondering what the other knew. And both knew at that moment, though they could never discuss it, that the other knew it was no mere coincidence that linked them.

Winslow continued up his driveway and Jennifer moved down the sidewalk.

Showering, Gillian wished that she had not made the phone call, for how was she to word what she wanted to say to Jennifer. It would be so awkward, but… she did want to help. Burnishing her body pink with a towel, she slid a pair of apricot panties up her legs, the tiny bit of lace just covering her auburn mound, and put on a matching bra that hooked between her breasts. Over this she put a simple tan dress that buttoned up the front, and belted around the waist.

To use the remaining time before the girl's arrival, she took the breakfast tray down to the kitchen and washed the dishes. Shortly after she was finished, the doorbell rang.

"Hello, Miss Bastrop," Jennifer smiled nervously as Gillian opened the door.

"Good to see you, Jenny. Step inside," she smiled as the girl passed by her, a little shorter than she was. She watched the girl's back for a moment, and then closed the door, bracing herself.

"Did I do badly on the test?" Jennifer asked, sitting on the couch.

"No. No, actually you did very well," Gillian said, sitting down next to her.

"Oh? I don't understand then?" Jennifer said, confused.

"It's… it's about something that may not be any of my business,

Jenny. And yet it is. It's about Jud," she said quickly, her eyes gauging Jennifer's reaction.

"Jud?" Jennifer asked nervously. What did this woman know? And how?

"To say what I'm going to say, I'm going to have to trust you, Jennifer. Trust you very much. You see, Jud and I've been… lovers for the last few weeks."

Jennifer nodded uncertainly, trying to comprehend. "It's not a big romance or anything. But we both needed someone. But I have become very close to him, and feel concern for his happiness. That's why… why I'd like to explain some things he told me," she said, and proceeded to repeat Jud's conversation to her. "Do you see my purpose, Jenny? I'm not trying to tell you what to do or anything. I just thought that if you knew how he felt, you might want to let him know your feelings. I'm sure this silence between you two has pain for you as well."

"Yes. Yes, it has," Jennifer nodded, her voice cracking, and tears suddenly spilled from her eyes as she began to cry.

Gillian reached out to her consolingly, but pulled in as Jennifer's head bowed, her shoulders tremoring with her weeping.

"I still love him, Miss Bastrop," Jennifer's voice shook. "But I couldn't… couldn't bear the thought of his touching me. It made me afraid, afraid of being touched by a man. Can you understand that, how terrible it is? I've only been able to love another girl. I… she looked up, frightened, eyes wide as she bit into her lip. "Oh, I shouldn't've… I didn't mean to say… "

"It's all right, Jennifer. I understand," Gillian assured her.

"No. No, you're just saying that. It's 'all right for you to sleep with Jud. I mean they might fire you or something, but… sleeping with another girl

is something else. Your whole world looks down its superior nose on some things. Rape is a big joke but two women or two men even if they love each other… well, that's terrible," she said angrily.

"Jennifer, I… "Gillian protested.

"You want to squirm, don't you?" she cut off. "You want to throw up at the idea of a woman kissing you!"

"No, Jenny, it doesn't matter to…"

"Oh?" Jennifer said sarcastically, taking Gillian's face in her hands to kiss her, pressing her tongue into the other woman's mouth.

Gillian was startled by the girl's reaction, but not repulsed, only saddened at her desperation. The kiss was rough in its quest to prove her a liar, hut the lips and tongue were soft, Gillian thought. So soft and delicate, and she realized that Jennifer's kiss was altering into something else. She felt the girl's hand move up the front of her dress,

releasing the buttons, and her dress opened down to her waist. The tapered length of the fingers drifted over her stomach, tender plows that blossomed a flower of warmth in her thighs and between her shoulders.

"Still feel all clean?" Jennifer asked, pulling her face back, her fingers tracing the lace of Gillian's braed breasts. Her tone was less certain, less vindictive. She caught herself and pressed her mouth to Gillian's again, her fingers opening the bra.

Gillian felt arousal, not distaste, and felt her own tongue playing back to the drum of Jennifer's. She did not have any desire to make love to another. woman, but she knew herself to be growing warm at the soft embrace, the soft lips and tongue, the soft fingers searing her breasts with weaving strokes.

Jennifer slid her lips free of Gillian's and dropped them to the full breast she held, taking one of the tan nipples into her mouth. And then she began to cry, falling away from the other woman.

"I… I'm sorry. I didn't mean to… I just wanted to, to hurt somebody back. Really," she cried.

"I know, Jen," Gillian said, taking her into her arms and pressing her weeping face against the support of her shoulder. "It's all right. It doesn't matter."

"I was so afraid," Jennifer admitted.

"Everybody is at one time or another. And it doesn't matter what I or anybody else thinks."

Gillian felt Jennifer's breasts press through her bra and blouse against her own naked globes. How soft, she thought. What does that young body look like beneath the clothing, are those legs as finely contoured under the skirt as below? Oh, Jenny, she thought. Why did you have to get this started?

"And I can't go back to him. It would never be the same after all that's happened, even with us loving one another," Jennifer said.

"Nothing's ever the same, Jenny. But if you do still love him, you should at least talk with him."

"I'm afraid of hurting him, and yet I'm hurting him more this way. It's so hard," she sighed with fatigue.

"Yess, Jenny. Very hard," Gillian sympathized, stroking the hair that fell next to her face.

Jennifer straightened, and her eyes took Gillian in. "Miss Bastrop… you're very beautiful. I never realized," she stammered.

Students aren't supposed to notice their teachers that way," Gillian smiled.

"Jud noticed," Jennifer smiled weakly, wiping the tears from her face.

"Teachers aren't supposed to notice their students either. We both

broke the rules, I guess," she smiled.

"It sure is easy sometimes," Jennifer said.

"Yes, like right now… well, it didn't feel bad, your kissing me," Gillian shrugged, glancing down.

"I'm glad. It was a stupid thing to do. But I… I liked it, too."

Gillian looked up and they sat there for several minutes looking into one another's eyes and farther back, into the expression. Slowly, Jennifer leaned forward. Their faces an inch apart, both could feel the warm flutter of the other's breath, their eyes still joined. Then Gillian's eyes closed and her lips parted slightly. Jennifer's mouth crushed delicately to Gillian's and their kiss began again, but soft and tender, unrushed this time, able to grow and evolve till their tongues sauntered and lingered together, tapering and stroking.

Jennifer's fingers found the plump cup of flesh again and her fingers inscribed ellipses of pleasure upon it, spiraling in to knead the nipple. Gillian's own fingers wove themselves in the waves of sunshine about Jennifer's face; and then one hand worked down against the swell of the pert derriere beneath the skirt, grazing the resilience. Jennifer undid the remaining buttons of Gillian's dress and the belt, peeling the tan cloth from her shoulders and down her arms. She touched and held the twin domes and swam her tongue into Gillian's mouth more rapidly. She felt Gillian's fingers at her blouse, and the black husk dropped away, followed by the matching bra. They embraced and their breasts flattened together, rolling one to the other, their nipples burrowing into the soft flesh.

Gillian pulled one hand to the zipper of Jennifer's skirt, complaining to herself of her foolhardiness. The zipper went down and she felt nylon covered warmth. Their fingers drifted and skimmed, and the clothing sank to the floor. Gillian's mouth lowered and she tasted the tender, mushroom of Jennifer's nipple, and the fingers that infiltrated the auburn cleft touched at her like a breeze, and she found her fingers answering upon Jennifer's pleasure pearl. Their mouths blended and their bodies quivered together as they ignited, their mouths opening in a joint sigh. The plummet was upon buffeting winds that let them float gradually down into bliss.

After several minutes, Gillian turned her face to find Jennifer asleep. She smiled, kissing her lightly, and stood, disengaging their limbs. Well, she thought, it didn't interest her past this one time, but it had been a very pleasant experience.

Chapter 12

Gillian showered and brought down a basin, towel and washcloth to clean Jennifer. Should she redress the girl? No, Jud would not care and it would keep that worry from her mind. She covered her with a bedspread and walked to the phone.

Jud sounded confused that she was phoning so soon, but told her he would be over shortly. Gillian hung up with a hopeful smile.

Twenty minutes later, he knocked at the door. Receiving no answer, he tried the door and found it unlocked. He stepped into the afternoon dimness of the unlit living room.

"Gill? You here… " he cut off, seeing Jennifer asleep before him. He stared in disbelief at the beauty of her sleeping face, the gentle cushion of her pink capped breast, her delicate hand that hung down onto the rug from the couch.

Clearing his head, he went through the house looking for Gillian, finally realizing that her car had not been in the driveway. He slowly went back downstairs, his eyes on the couch, wondering what had happened. Why was Jennifer here, sleeping nude? Why had Gillian phoned him and… The answer came to him and he was overwhelmed by what she had done for him, the trouble and risk she had accepted in order to clear his mind. But would his mind be cleared? He stopped at the bottom of the stairs, looking lovingly at Jennifer, realizing just how much he had missed her. And her eyes opened upon his, and they both found themselves smiling nervously.

"Hi," Jud finally said, simply to break the silence.

"Hi, Jud," Jennifer answered, sitting up, the blanket held across her breasts. "I… I don't know quite what to say.

"Yeah" Jud grinned awkwardly. "Me neither."

"I guess Miss Bastrop phoned you, too, huh?" she smiled.

He nodded and sat down on the edge of the couch.

"She told me about your conversation last night," Jennifer said sadly. "About how you thought that I… blamed you?"

He nodded, his eyes expectant and hopeful.

"I don't Jud. You couldn't have done anything. It was just such a shock that a man's hands, well… Did you wonder at me sleeping here like this?" she asked tentatively.

"Sort of. Mostly, just that you were here."

"Well, I and Miss… I and Gillian made love. That's as close as rye been able to get, I've been so uptight. I met a guy and…" Her eyes tightened. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean…"

"No, it's okay. After all, I and Gillian've been doing a thing."

"Well, I haven't even been able to let him touch me or even kiss

me, even thought I want to. She paused, moistening her lips. "I still love you, Jud. But it's all so different than it was before those men came.

"Yeah," he nodded sadly. "I'd like to think it wasn't, but you're right. I'm just glad you don't hate me, you know?"

She looked at him, caught between a laugh and tears, and clutched him to her, mindless of the blanket that fell away from her body. They gripped each other tightly, their breaths long and full as if refilling themselves with the sensations of being together, renewing the memories of touch.

He kissed the side of her face and their lips met. They moaned with the release of tension, with their pent up love and desire, with joy.

"Jen… Jen, I want to… but now if you don't want to," he whispered.

"I've got to sometime, darling. And you're the only man I've ever made love to, so maybe knowing I can trust you… "and her lips moved the half inch to his.

Jud eased his hand cautiously down from her shoulder to touch the dome of her nipple and snare her breast within the cage of his hand, his flesh afire with the tingling warmth of her. His mouth writhed at hers, their lips parting and joining as he dipped his tongue into the moistness, tasting her tongue against his, filling his hands with the glory of her flesh, feeling his own flesh writhe within the confine of his slacks. Then her hand was pulling the snap open and the zipper down, and his sex rose long and hard, her fingers curling around it. Almost desperately, she pressed his head into the downy slit of her loins, moistening it in her to slide it upward, letting go to sink down on it. Jud moaned with surprised pleasure as he felt the warm, liquid embrace of her flesh around his throbbing member.

There, she thought, it's done. There's no backing out now, and thank god, because it's so full and good.

His lips spilled over her breasts and her nipples lifted from the pink swells as his tongue played upon them, his tool pressing firmly against her, swirling within, rolling over the clit and then around and over again, faster and faster till it pulsed. She bit into his shoulder, tasting him and the tang of body salt, her fingers clawing at his back as she ground her loins against him.

Little by little he began to move in and out, easing back and forth, pulling out and swinging back in, and then pumping into her in jetting strokes that brought her rolling back to meet him. Their mouths found one another again and their lips writhed and smeared together, their tongues driving and swirling, their heavy breath mingling. She drew her legs up along side him, widening her entrance

to have him fill it with his engorged flesh, the petals opened to expose the delicate pearl for the lubricated friction of his passage. She raised herself onto her heels and shoulders, pumping up at him, grabbing at him with her cerise scabbard as he churned her. His mouth found her nipples again and he nipped and sucked at them, arching his body to delve straight into her from between her raised thighs.

Oh, she thought, it's so good. It's not restrained or anything, and I love it. Deena and Miss Bastrop were nice, it was different and good, but not like this. Not like the burrowing fullness that became part of you. that you rode like a stallion, that was…

Her tongue drilled into his ear, her hands painting the flesh of his loins every time he pulled back. Then his hands gripped her legs, supporting her body, and he slid off the couch onto his feet. He held her before him swinging up straight across the poppy of passion haloed with her film. She groaned her stomach rolling as her thighs rode in his grip, her hands clutching the couch.

So good, Jenny, he thought at the shimmering careen of sensation burned at his mind.

He slid down onto her again, her legs wrapping around him to pull him into her. They kissed and he nestled quivering within her only to erupt again in a staccato that pushed her head back, crying out at the generation of spasms within her loins, spasms that lapped at the rest of her. She twisted her head forward against his chest, tasting him, gasping against him as everything else crumbled from memory.

Jud did not want to stop, he wanted to prolong this ecstasy, to balance on the seesaw of lust and love. He could feel his pubic hair mesh with hers as he flashed down the wet velvet slide, leaving it behind to feel the air cool on the moistened length of his sex as he slid it over the tiny node, holding the head at the crown and then singing back down. He could feel tissue tremor to explode in rings along his descent and ascent. Could feel the soft curves of her body, supple contours and sanctuary. Her legs embraced his sides and her fingers caressed him and her tongue devoured him.

Twisting and bucking, Jennifer groaned as he began to slow his pace, measuring his strokes until he was churning her pit as when he had started. She ground her pelvis against his, her breasts crushed against him, sliding the nipples back and forth across his chest. Then he was quickening his pace again, faster and faster till it was all one movement, one sensation lifting, mounting to float her up, buoyed upon it. She gasped through clenched teeth and pressed herself hard against his chest, flattening her breasts and dragging them through the mantle of hair. And his hands were under her, cupping her buttocks, squeezing them with his fingertips, working them down against his plunge, slipping a little finger in to catch the thin membrane between

it and his lightening rod. Again and again, holding himself in check, prolonging the inevitable, stretching time to its breaking point, making her want to scream for release from the peaking, feeling herself climax only to have it overcome by the building tide.

His face was contorted with his own yearning and restraint. He groaned with it, and his body began to shudder as he ricocheted again and again within her, up and down, and in and out at the same time. His muscles locked and he began to vibrate toward his loins, his whole body a concentrated juggernaut moving to one point. Jennifer screamed into his shoulder, her teeth breaking the skin as she felt her mind erupt, casting her past her body into pure experience. And he was stuttering within her, mixing his own fluids with hers, flooding her, and his cry mixed with hers, his body freezing as his mind teetered on madness.

Muscle by muscle he began to peel back from the intensity, the gauze fading from consciousness, and he lay easily upon her, hearing her murmuring happily. They were smiling without knowing it, and they basked in the embrace of their flesh, and the satiation that flowed through them both.

"I'm so glad, Jud. So glad this happened," she whispered.

"Yeah, Gillian's fantastic," he nodded, his eyes shaping her face with veneration. "You're so beautiful it hurts, baby. I know we can't go back, but it sure will be something to remember," he smiled.

"I can't imagine a better starting place," she said, her lips brushing his shoulder.

"You know," he grinned, "if we went along like normal it'd probably fade or we'd break up. But… there's something in knowing we'll always have each other's love."

She nodded, her eyes misty, and their lips blended. He kissed her longingly, his hands drifting down her body, memorizing the rises and falls of beauty, savoring the exquisite sensuality.

"You love the guy you mentioned?" he asked without malice.

"I don't know. For now, I guess. At seventeen… well, like I said that night, it's one day at a time."

"Yeah," he nodded with a smile of admiration at how she had reclaimed herself.

"I'm glad you've got Gillian."

"Me, too."

She twined her fingers in his hair and their mouths merged. He moved the back of his hand over one breast, dragging the fine hairs over the silky surface to prick at the plump areola. She stroked his leg with her instep, their bellies pressing together., and both felt his flesh begin to tighten a little. Her fingers drifted between them and sailed over his stomach, coiling his pubic hair about her fingers, and

plucking at his tool, brushing the hairs of his sac. He worked his chest against her breasts, grinding into their mellow thrust.

Her fingers were spider's legs weaving a web of energy between his nerve endings, candles patterning his flesh with drippings of scarlet wax. Her hair spilled over his chest in lush cascades and she dragged it up and down over his stomach, each strand strumming his body hair, tingling the skin beneath. He smiled down at her face as she orchestrated the flow of her hair and her fingers, and he felt the flesh of his shaft tighten, the tissue harden, the whole of it. stretch out searchingly, rise and swell till it stood yearningly from his body.

Her hair swirled around his loins and her mouth took in the head, bathing it in the moist softness of her lips and tongue. He sighed, feeling himself swell, and he drew her up along him, feeling her body's smoothness glide over him. His mouth recaptured hers and he angled his tool into her moist grove and rolled the head in an orbit around the jewel set within. She eased up and he rolled onto his back and she straddled his hips, his body embedded in the golden seal of her hair. She pressed her loins forward to let them slide back in place again and again, pressing up along the underneath of his shaft, her fingers upon his stomach.

He raised his legs, pressing his thighs against the bottoms of her up tilted buttocks; then he began to raise his loins up against her tawny maw, his thighs flexing under her with the movement, then dropping in digits. This was not the frenzied embroilment of what had gone before but a gradual, conscious remounting, precise in their interplay of motion.

His fingertips skimmed over the backs of the hands that drifted his stomach, rising up the slender forearms, moving over the hollows of the elbows and up to take her shoulders in his hands. He drew her down as their counterpoint continued, her cit pressed down against the top of his undulating shaft, his fingers easing down to encircle her breasts, and their mouths joined amongst the canopy of her hair. She rolled her loins steadily against the rise and fall of his shaft and the massage of his thighs, her fingers teasing the sensitive areas behind his ears and at the nape of his neck. It became like a water wheel, steadily revolving to meet the lap of the water, carrying it upward to spill over.

As their kiss grew more fervid, their muscles began to harden, their movements to quicken a bit, the contact firmer. Jud felt his flesh float within and under hers, felt her slide along under his sex, felt the tender weight of her flanks against his thighs, felt her fingers shimmering his perception. He pushed himself up onto his elbows, pulling his legs up, and sat up. He held her to him, his head tilting down to kiss her breasts as he continued moving up into her. Seated in

his lap, Jennifer felt her lodging glutted, their flesh compressed into one quaking mass.

Then he was pressing forward against her, sliding his legs around, and they tumbled over with him on top. Jennifer felt her nails dig into his back as the merging of their loins pressed into the couch and they began to slide off. He extended one arm to brace their fall, and eased them down onto the carpet, rolling onto his back. Jennifer's mouth created flurries across his throat and chest, her hips bobbing against his anchor.

He pushed with one elbow and they rolled over again with her beneath him, and she cried out at the twisting, pulling, press of flesh. Then he was suddenly moving out of the channel again, and back, in and out in precise archs, his mouth sipping at hers. Her hair was a tangle of gold as her head moved with the expanding vortex.

Jud pushed his knees up under her buttocks till he was kneeling at her entranceway, continuing to fill and empty it with his manhood. He lifted one of her legs and leaned back from the waist, drawing the leg over his head, rolling her over. Before she understood, Jennifer was on her stomach, her belly and breasts against the softness of the carpet and Jud was continuing his piston evocation. She felt his stomach against the full globes of her derriere as he came in, his head and the underneath of the staff moving over her clit, drawing back the furls of flesh as he entered and returning them as he exited.

Her breasts pressed out from under her in crescents, and his hands slid under her belly and up to cup the full mounds. He bit at her shoulders and the back of her neck, tonguing her ear from behind as his hands fondled the weighted press of her breasts and his loins drove her up onto her knees. Jud felt her flanks rising and came up onto his knees behind her to swing up into the broiling floss, his hands still at her breasts. Her shoulders flexed and her body whipped back and forth from the waist as his charger spiraled up again and again, his chest against her back as she lifted from the floor. She pulled one hand from her breasts and tasted his fingers, biting at his palm; and then her hands were around behind her caressing his hips.

Jud pulled one leg and then the other around to slide them between her spread thighs, sitting down under her. She sank down onto him, moaning at the undeflected plunge, and spun herself around to face him, riding the saddle of his waist. He reached up and pulled her down upon him and they rolled over again, their mouths and loins kissing.

He raised up from the waist and skied down into her blonde fringed oven. Jennifer writhed beneath him, displaced by the constant movement of their bodies and of the motion within her sweltering,vestibule. She bucked up against his drive, her mouth dry

and her eyes wet, biting into her lips.

Jud's eyes were squinted and sweat gave his body a sheen. Muscles ached in his back and shoulders, his breath was tight, the flesh of his prod was burning from the friction, and salt from his sweat burned at his eyes. Yet he continued, unable to bear quitting the ecstasy of riding with her. He heard her cry out as a climax engulfed her, and he felt her passage swelter again.

His lips pulled away to bare his teeth and he sucked air into swollen lungs, feeling the whirlpool of her channel reach out and pull him into her joy, swirling his manhood in the swirling carousel of fluid and flesh, sucking him down into her sweet depths, and thrusting him into a seizure of release that burned at the recesses of his mind and flailed his flesh from within. He cried out hoarsely as he began to burn free from the maelstrom to float over in the waterfall of sanity.

Their breathing filled the room, their flesh a debauched tangle of limbs, their fluids smeared over their loins and bellies, their hands limp upon the floor.

Chapter 13

Jud and Jennifer napped for an hour before slowly rising to shower together and redress. Jud wrote a note that simple said, "Thank You" to Gillian, and they both signed it. Jennifer phoned home to receive permission to spend the night at Deena's and received it.

As they drove toward the ocean they were both quiet, but it was from neither nervousness nor uncertainty. There simply were no more words needed. Their doubts and misunderstandings had been eliminated in the fusion of their flesh, and they now sat contented, feeling the cool ocean air flow around them.

Jud pulled off at Deena's darkened house and continued down to the dock where the house boat was docked. A lamp glowed mistily within, but Deena's car was gone. Stopping the auto, Jud looked over at Jennifer.

"I love you," he said softly, without hesitancy or embarrassment.

"And I love you, darling," she answered.

They kissed and she got out, both smiling. He turned the car around, seeing her step onto the walkway of the house boat, and drove back up the road.

Jennifer opened the door and looked in, the only illumination being that of the moon and the small lamp. Upon the glass section of the flooring, Zap lay sleeping, still wearing the light tan jeans. She stepped forward silently and smiled down at him. Beneath him a few fish darted amongst the amber swirling of sea weed, the moonlight giving the rocky bottom a silver cast. Jennifer looked down on the sleeping figure, and his eyes slowly opened upon her.

Zap looked up to see her unbutton her blouse, letting it fall behind her. Her hands searched behind her back a moment and the bra fluttered away. She was smiling at him all the while, her fingers unzipping her skirt and peeling the fragile lace of her panties down and off. She straightened and continued to smile down at him.

He saw her honey blonde mane of hair haloed with moonlight, the gold-flecked brown eyes with their heavy lids and dark lashes, the swells of high cheekbones, the graceful nose, the lush lips, and the whole of her face with its beauty greater than that of its parts, aglow with warm, inviting humor and joy. He saw the column of her throat ease into her shoulders, saw the flesh swell from the meeting of shoulders and collar bones into the upturned fullness of her breasts, capped with her full, ripe nipples of pink. He saw her torso narrow down into her waist to frame the firm pout of her navel-dimpled belly, saw the widening of the hips, and the sloping drift downward between abdomen and hip meeting in the grove of copper ringlets. His eyes

followed the flowing lengths of her legs and then took in the whole of her body with its ripe, golden lushness; and then the whole of face and body.

Watch yourself, Zap, he told himself. A woman that beautiful and you risk either loving just the outside or having her think that you do. Lord, to've never even seen you in a swim suit, and now this… Well, it's up to you Jenny; your move, he thought, smiling back at her.

Jennifer saw his eyes take her in detail by detail and then smile with the beauty of the whole. Otherwise, he did not move. But she saw the bulge against his jeans enlarge and snake down into a long mound. She sank to one knee between his legs, and let her hair spill over his stomach as she kissed his belly. Her fingers loosened the button and freed the zipper, and she stepped back, sliding his pants down and away.

She stood above him, seeing him seem to float upon the ocean, her reflection dimly cast on the thick glass beside him. Though his prod stood up proudly from the dark brown mat of his pubic hair, he made no move toward her, and she knew that she was rid of the fear.

Jennifer laid herself out upon him, taking the length of hard flesh into her mouth. Zap's smile tightened and he sat up slowly to move his lips over her shoulder, one hand absorbing the resilient firmness of her breast. He drew her up to him, their eyes touching for a moment, and their mouths merged as they lay back over the lapping of sea growth. The flow of water cast light over them in tongues of mint and webs of pale blue. She felt his tongue bathe hers, felt his teeth softly chew at the full pad of her lower lip, and her hands moved over the firmness of his back, drinking in his taste.

His fingertips sailed and dipped and spun over the opulence of her flesh, eddies of motion in the recesses of the hollows, torrents of rapture upon the rises. His tongue gauzed her lips and laced her ear with a flaring garland of motion. His fingers tattooed her breasts in crystalline mosaics, crimping and swelling her nipples for his mouth that masked them with a maelstrom of tenderness.

The musculature of his stomach pressed and pulled at her belly as he rolled it against her, and she felt the velvet soft head of his sex slash her thigh, and the hardness of the shaft pressed lengthwise against the golden veil of her moist dwelling.

His fingers burnished the full cheeks of her backside with a fever. His mouth memorized the contours and tastes of her body along with his hands and eyes, and he tasted the dew from the foliage of her nether lips, parting the throne with his tongue, tasting the rich damp of her nector and the resilient membrane of her passage way.

Jennifer moaned and her fingers wove in his hair, feeling his hands firm against her softness, his weight a fluid blanket upon her.

And she drew his head up from the ringing cradle to taste herself from his lips, and guide his spire into the sap flood of her nook, feeling herself filled under his gentle eyes.

Her lips sought and found his, and he began to sway within her, swelling vapor spills into a spasming torrent. Her body quaked at the incineration of her tissue under his concentration. His touch and taste and bite and caress were everywhere, blooms that merged to array her in droplets of flame. He surged, up within her and her arousal was a morsel for him to devour, and he pulled back to lift her with the suction, dragging his crop between the flexing embracing's of her saddle, dropping again to cause her to gasp as he pressed to the hilt, the dark brown hairs brushing the copper ones.

His hands pouted her ass and rippled down against his surge from in front, working her flesh down, concentrating her feeling. His hips began to sway from side to side as he pummeled her yearning cushion, his pike flexing off her walls as he sank up into her, accenting the pressing of her muscles.

Oh, making up for lost time all in one night, all so good, she thought within the tumult. So good, so fuckin' good.

His fingertips were a flurry at the backs of her thighs, his prod a lever that jacked her higher and higher. Her heels pressed against the glass covered fish, and her loins whipped at his twisting surge. Their tongues touched, their movement pulling their lips away.

Suddenly, with remarkable agility, he was standing, his hands under the small of her back, and he was crowning her offered core in a paroxysm of movement. Jennifer's hair floated beneath her head, and her body leapt up at his as the hysteria spurted up her spine from her belly to fragment her mind. Her arms went around his neck and her mouth was a wild thing as she twisted and slammed against the spire that was a geyser of motion within her. She groaned against him, feeling his muscles stand out as he supported her, but she kept whipping the shaft within her sleeve of wet silk, sucking in on him with the gripping of her hold. His eyes blazed before hers and their mouths twisted and rolled together, biting each other's lips, their tongues writhing.

He turned with her against him, moved the few steps to the bed, and slowly knelt, lowering her back onto the bed. He leaned forward into the riptide of her beckoning hold, and her body flowed against his. He groaned at fitting, feeling the upsurge crackle within his guts, rolling his stomach muscles and clenching his hands. He bit into the growl that broke from his throat, and his whole body began to shudder against her weeping maw, burying himself in its quicksand grip, twisting the sheets in his hands, his back bucking forward with the contractions of his loins as he spent himself within her satin purse,

cresting upon the pain like zenith of pleasure. And her movement beneath his twisted the sheets around her as she pumped the flow from him, smiling blindly at the corona that blossomed within their joined flesh, melting together into a deluge of rapture.

Moonlight shone palely upon their sweat glistened bodies, catching the heaving of his shoulders and the rise and fall of her breasts as they eased down. His lips brushed hers and he smiled at the dreamlike sensation of waking to this, never a word spoken, their eyes and bodies singing their thoughts.

He clasped the gold and honey of her hair, kissing her slow and deep, his tongue sipping and rolling at her essence.

Jud had parked beside the main house, and sat looking out on the moonlight ocean, his arms folded against the night air as he thought. With graduation five days off, his relationship with Jennifer settled, and the warm promise for a time at least of Gillian, he felt the sensation of being between rooms, the past behind, the future unknown.

He turned to see Deena's car pull off the highway and move down to stop beside his. Her face smiled out from the ebony cloud of her hair, and he realized how attractive she was. They knew each other casually, but had never really talked.

"Hi, Jud? What're you up to?" Deena asked.

"Just brought Jenny out," he nodded toward the house boat below.

"Oh, yeah? Then you two got things worked out?" she asked, cutting the ignition off and braking the auto.

"Yeah," he smiled. "Left her off a while ago."

"Is Zap here?" she asked, getting out.

"Yeah, I guess he's with her," he said.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't…"

"Don't worry," he smiled. "Everything's cool."

"Good," she nodded after a moment. They looked out at the ocean for several minutes without talking, their eyes thoughtful.

"Act of love," Jud mused.

"Hum?" Deena asked, turning her head to him.

"Just thinking about that phrase. It and balling aren't necessarily the same thing."

"Nope," Deena nodded with a wry smile. "Unfortunately."

"Maybe that's the trick though."

"The trick?" she asked.

"Maybe if living's an act of love… then maybe the balling is too," he said, thinking out loud more than speaking to Deena.

"Yeah," she smiled, taken with the thought.

"Well," he said, straightening from beside the car. "Better be

splitting."

"You can come up to the house if you want," Deena offered.

"I'd like to," he said, his eyes searching hers as he cast for a decision. "Another night, if that's okay? Right now I need to just sit 'n' think for a while."

"Fine," she smiled. "Anytime."

He leaned forward tentatively and she raised her face up to his. The soft pads of her lips breathed against his, parting to the search of his tongue. He gloved his hands in the dark waves of her hair, feeling her body press softly against his. Their breath heavy, their faces slowly parted. They stood a moment and then turned to their cars. Deena watched him drive away, looking forward to his return.

Chapter 14

Jud finished his Government final early, both the last of his tests and his last class, but sat waiting till the room emptied. He and Gillian smiled at each other and both turned to look at Jennifer in the doorway. Jud stood and met her at the desk, dropping his test with the others.

"Gillian, we wanted to… to thank you together," Jennifer said.

"It isn't necessary. It was my pleasure, too," she grinned.

"Just the same… "Jud added.

"Things've worked out right for me too. I'm flying to France next Wednesday to meet Alex," she beamed.

"That's great," Jud said.

Jennifer looked at the two of them and moved back to the door, checking the now empty hallway. She nodded, and Jud lifted Gillian from her chair into his arms. They kissed, knowing this would be the last time, that their affair was now part of the past though the feelings would continue.

Gillian watched the two of them leave with a feeling of loss, but turned the feeling away, knowing she was happy for both them and herself. The six day wait before she could join Alex seemed an eternity after the long months, and she wished that her relationship with Jud had not ended, that they could share the time. Yet it had ended, easily and of its own, having traveled its natural course. And now her course was back toward Alex, and she felt the expectancy warm her.

Jud and Jennifer walked out across the near deserted parking lot, the late spring sun warm upon them. He stopped at his car and turned to her.

"You want to come out to the boat?" she asked.

"Yeah," he nodded with a smile. "Promised a lady I would."

"Oh?" she asked, confused for a moment, smiling when she realized he was referring to Deena. "Oh."

"Yeah," he nodded again.

As they drove, he told her of meeting Deena after leaving her at the house boat. She listened happily, and told him how well she and Zap had been getting along. When they arrived Deena had already changed into a bikini and was drying herself off beside Zap on the walkway of the house boat. Jennifer hugged Zap and went inside with him.

"Thought I'd take you up on your offer," Jud said, appreciating the effect of the beige bikini upon her tanned body.

"I'm glad," she smiled enticingly. "Want to smoke a number?" He nodded and they followed Zap and Jennifer through the doorway. Zap

looked up, already lighting a hand rolled joint. Jennifer smiled, pulling a T-shirt down over her full breasts to meet her blue-jean cutoffs.

They sat together, smoking; and then Zap and Jennifer excused themselves, driving off. Jud and Deena sat listening to the stereo, watching the fish below the glass flooring.

"Finish with finals today?" she asked.

"Um," he nodded, looking up to find his eyes upon the beige strips of cloth and the fullness they contained rather than covered.

"Must be a relief," Deena said, noting his eyes.

"Kind of strange though. Uncertain," he shrugged.

"Yeah," he agreed.

Their eyes met and they sat staring, seeking to read each other's thoughts through their eyes. Jud rose up onto his knees, a few feet between them. Was it always a little awkward with uncertainty, with trying to be sure, he wondered. Well… he thought, and leaned forward to kiss her.

Deena's lips responded as they had before, and her fingers moved down to pull his shirt from his slacks, sliding up, under and over his back to draw him to her. He touched her, startled at the contact of flesh to flesh, having momentarily forgotten the bikini.

They leaned over and laid on the floor, and her tongue became a torch burning within his mouth. His fingers freed her top as she removed his shirt, and there was no more need for uncertainty, both of them having known when they first kissed. He felt her breasts press outward against his chest and his hands pulled the bottom loose as her hands opened his pants. He kicked them away and their bodies moved together, flesh to flesh, their hands moving, their mouths blending. She reached down and caressed his stiff lance, and his fingers were within her cove, enchanting the soft pearl. There was no rush, no threat of interruption, but they both felt an urgency, a drive to come together, and they both slid his prod up into her shimmering fissure.

Their kiss continued, their hands fondling and gleaning, as he began to move within her. She arched against him, and the music and the lapping of the water became a part of the room they no longer knew, knowing only the drive to excite and please the other, attacking every area of flesh in a search to find the pleasure points of the other, all the while working at the union of their loins, pumping and churning, pressing and pulling.

Their mouths kissed and sucked and chewed and bit, their fingers engulfed, pressed and pulled, and their loins rushed together and pulled themselves away, and drove and turned and rolled as sounds spilled unheard from their lips. Deena wrenched at his hard skewer and he spiraled it down into her soft depths, and both felt the aching

quest begin to rise, grabbing at them, shaking them with its intensity, broiling and thundering within their minds, peeling their flesh away, slamming into them, rocking their foundations, spilling over to fling them into the holocaust of pure pleasure.

Their bodies continued to spasm for long minutes, and they held each other, kissing lightly, their eyes glazed with the brightness. Then Deena stood and drew him after her through the doorway. She pulled at him and he laughingly tugged back, pulling her into his arms, feeling the sun and breeze upon their naked bodies as they kissed. He looked down at her and then threw them over into the water. She squealed and they disappeared in a shower of sunlit water, returning to the surface a moment later to come back into one another's arms.

Jennifer had Zap drive her the scant mile down the beach that separated her from the rape scene. She had decided she needed to rid herself of that last vestige of dread. It was hard to believe that the gentle dunes, and the pale beach with the easy slide of had been the location of that night's grotesque drama.

"How does it feel?" Zap asked.

"Strange, but not scary."

"Good," he nodded.

They walked down the dunes, and stood watching the blue water furl around their ankles. They looked up from the water, and kissed.

"Want to leave the car and walk? It should be okay."

She nodded and they strolled back in the direction of the house boat, their arms around one another. Jennifer broke into a run, water glistening around the falls of her feet, and Zap ran after her, their joyful laughter ringing out. Catching up, he reached out and caught her arm. They tumbled and rolled into the water, their mouths joining as they embraced. After a time, Zap looked down into her face and slid his hand up over the wet T-shirt to the clear impressions of her nipples, tweaking them playfully.

"Might as well be nay-keyed," he scolded jokingly.

"What about you, mister?" she grinned, grabbing the clear impression of his prick through his jeans.

"Then… why not?" he smiled, pushing the T-shirt up over the water slickened smoothness of her belly.

"Somebody'll come along."

"Nah."

"They might," she offered, letting him slip the T-shirt over head.

"Might," he agreed, working her cutoffs and panties from her hips.

"Then again they might not," she mused, sliding his shirt from his shoulders and unzipping his jeans.

"Think they will?" he asked, tossing his jeans back up onto the beach.

"We'd probably hear their car," she shrugged, sliding her hands over his chest and stomach.

"Then, again, we might not," he smiled, caressing her breasts.

"Actually, all things considered, it's probably not a very wise thing to do," she murmured against his chest, tasting the ocean upon him.

"Actually," he laughed, and they rolled in the surf, probing each other's mouths. The head of his prick moved against her copper net and then slid up suddenly, surprising both of them. They laughed and they began to plunge amid the curl of the water, playing their flesh together, laughing at the joy of it, unaware that there was even a road above the beach. But no cars came, and their tanned bodies coupled beneath the clear sky at the meeting of earth and water, fire burning within their own meeting. Their cries of release were lost in the roar of the surf, and they lay for a long time upon the sand, watching the sun lower itself.

"Fancy meeting you here," Deena laughed, and they both sat up, turning to see her and Jud, hand in hand, behind them.

"We, uh, decided to take a walk," Jud smiled with an awkward shrug.

"We decided to screw," Jennifer giggled.

"We decided to take a walk after we screwed," Jud laughingly added.

"We took our walk first," Zap grinned.

"Yessir, sure seems to be a lot of screwing and walking going on around these parts," Deena laughed.

"Well, right now we're takin' a rest from screw'n and walkin'. Like join us?" Zap extended his hand to the sand beside them.

"Oh, you sure it won't be too crowded?" Deena asked with a straight face, looking from one long expanse of beach to the other.

"We'll work you in?" Jennifer smiled lasciviously, and laughed.

The tension and awkwardness forgotten, the two couples sat watching the horizon glow crimson, the clouds tinged orange to purple in a burning spectrum, none of them bothered by the one couple's nudity. As the shifting of colors slowed, they turned to look at one another, and they smiled together with the shared thought.

Zap rolled Deena back into the water and the thin cotton of her blouse became transparent as they embraced. Jennifer and Jud grinned at one another, and he took her naked body to him, rolling into the water himself. Their clothing joined Zap and Jennifer's on the sand, and the two couples moved up above the water, their flesh reunited. Zap and Jud slid into the delicious warmth of Deena and Jennifer, and the moans and sighs of the four blurred together against the surf.

They rolled over and into the sand, each couple immersed in the

tapestry of pleasure they were weaving. Jud's mouth savored the lush bud of Jennifer's nipple, her head, turning with the richness of his tongue's texture against the silky softness to see Zap's tongue like a flame at Deena's ear. Deena's mouth opened with pleasure and her head rolled to face Jennifer's. They smiled at one another through blurred vision, and their hands joined upon the sunset stained lavender of the sand.

Their eyes mirroring the pleasure each was sharing, Jennifer and Deena pulled on their grips, rolling the four of them together. Zap's mouth found Jennifer's while his hips rolled over Deena's, and Jud tasted the hard peaks of Deena's breasts while he plowed Jennifer's sweet furrow. Deena's mouth found Jennifer's free breast, and her fingers played on Jennifer's clit and Jud's pumping scepter that moved below it. Jennifer's fingers returned the compliment, her other hand going to Jud's backside. Fingers and pricks moved and filled, mouths and tongues sucked and bit and kissed, and arms and legs intertwined.

The four bodies melted together under the sunlight and the rising moon, four mouths, eight arms and legs, four breasts, two pricks, and two cunts dissolving into one joyous creature with two focal points of release for the four minds that swam in the tide of sensuality, released from all worlds save that world they shared.

And each looked forward to the summer they would share.